

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 510

Week Ending  
DECEMBER 29, 1928

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

## EZRA MEEKER'S LONG, LONG TRAIL

See  
Page  
Seven

### THE NEW RED CROSS KNIGHT BROTHERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

The Age of Flying Keeps Alive  
the Age of Chivalry

#### FROM WAR HORSE TO AEROPLANE

There is a new Red Cross Knight today who goes to the succour of people in distress, not mounted on a war horse but seated in an aeroplane.

He has brothers all over the world, from Sweden to Siam. Professor Cesare Baduel has recounted some of their exploits in a Red Cross report which is full of stirring tales.

The wife of the Governor of Fosso, British Nigeria, was bitten by a mad dog. The nearest place where she could get anti-rabies treatment was Dakar, Senegal, 1300 miles away. Treatment must be given before the virus reaches the nerve centre, or there are three to five days of terrible suffering and then death. But if this woman had travelled in the ordinary way it would have taken a month to reach Dakar, and she would have died on the road.

#### Airmen to the Rescue

It was an aeroplane which saved her from a horrible death.

At the end of last year there were disastrous floods in the Oran department of Algeria, and many unfortunate people were cut off from the rest of the world. They would have escaped drowning to suffer starvation if men in aeroplanes had not come through the torrential rain to bring them food.

In West Africa two ships ran aground. The air mail service reported it, and help was sent just in time to save the crews from Arab tribesmen.

In 1924 there were floods in Nebraska caused by ice-floes which blocked the rivers at certain points. It was airmen who broke up the ice barrier with bombs.

Not long ago an ice-floe broke away from an island in the Baltic, and carried over 900 people away toward the Gulf of Finland. Many got back to land, but 200 of them were lost till airmen found their floating islands.

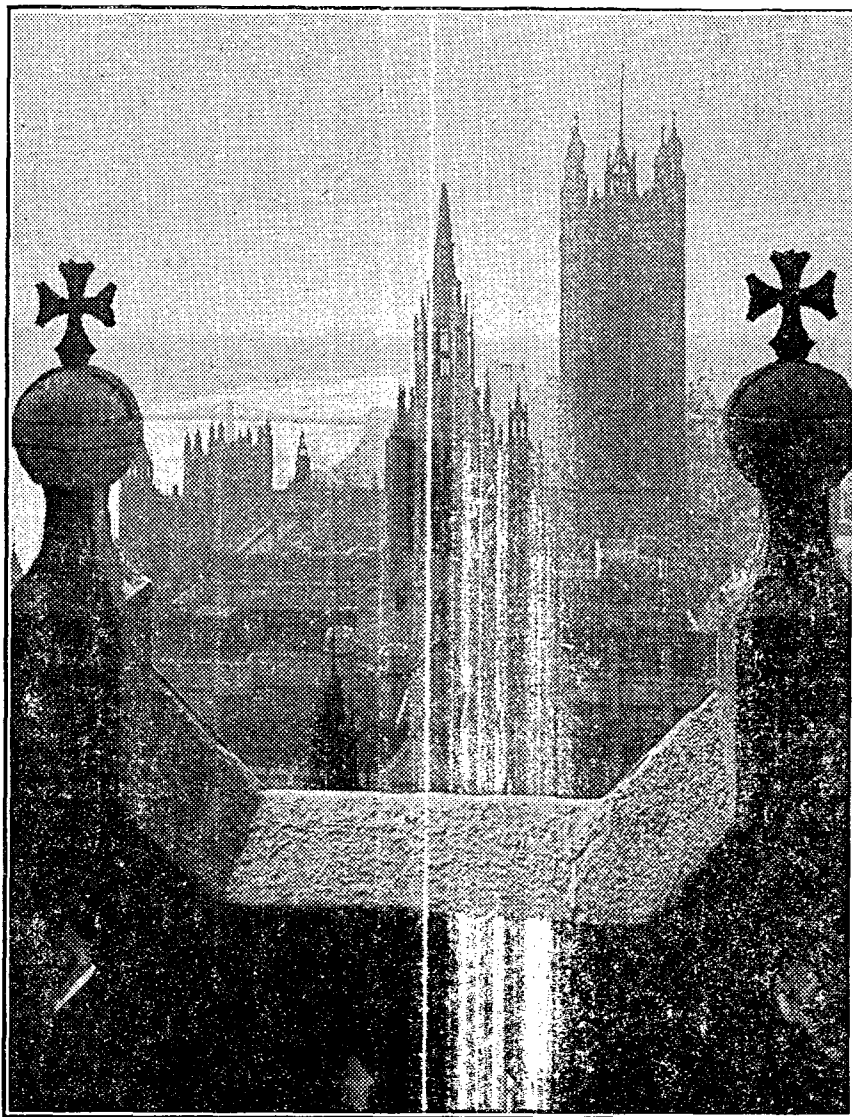
#### Food Dropped to the Crew

Last winter airmen found a ship which was blocked in the ice. They dropped food to the crew, and gave the exact position of the imprisoned ship to ice-breakers, who completed the rescue.

The story of a Christian knight in a Saracen dungeon who hears the battle-cry of friends coming to his aid is not more romantic than the story of those men condemned to die on the ice, and then, hearing the purr of an engine in the sky, knowing that they were saved.

There is no end to the tales of the airman's service. An epidemic of a severe form of influenza broke out in

### Big Ben Looks Out



This is what Big Ben sees, looking out over the roofs of the Palace of Westminster and up the Thames, as he rings out the Old and rings in the New once more. All over the world through the medium of wireless his booming notes will be heard ringing-in 1929 as the midnight of the Old Year sinks into the past, and we can feel that we hear him say :

So, hour by hour, be Thou my Guide,  
That by Thy power no step may slide.

Fort Yukon in the Arctic regions. The people begged for medicines, but it would have taken three weeks to reach the town by ordinary means, and the delay might have cost several lives. An aeroplane took drugs and a nurse to the place in a very short time. By the same method anti-diphtheric serum was rushed to Nome in frozen Alaska and saved many children from peril.

Quite as deadly as the snowfields of the North can be the fruitful lands of the Sun when a man is sick or wounded hundreds of miles away from a doctor. In the past the sufferers were jolted along on stretchers under a blazing sky, until they died on the way, or were ambushed by unfriendly tribesmen or by some miracle reached the end of the journey safely. Now a comfortable ambulance can bear the patient through the air to hospital in a few hours.

Think what this means in the sparsely populated parts of Australia, where one doctor may have patients scattered over an area ten times as large as Britain

Even in densely-populated places the Air Knight may be needed. In some national disaster such as an earthquake, a flood, or a mining accident he can hurry supplies to the scene or take observations which make the work of rescue quicker and more effective.

Professor Baduel is Director-General of the Italian Red Cross, and he urges the Red Cross Societies of all nations to give still more study to the air ambulance. Landing-grounds should be arranged at hospitals; and there should be an international code enabling people in distress to signal their wants to passing pilots. If the Red Cross Society cannot afford air ambulances it might obtain permission to use Government aeroplanes in case of emergency.

All these points will doubtless be debated at the First International Congress on Medical Aviation to be held in Paris next year.

How wonderful to think of all the aeroplane has done, and then to remember that it is only about 25 years old!

### THE MAN WAR COULD NOT BREAK HEROIC STRUGGLE OF AN ARTIST

How the Great War Fights  
Against Man Still

#### THE SPIRIT OF JULIEN LEMORDANT

By Our French Correspondent

The C.N. has already spoken of Jean Julien Lemordant, the brilliant French painter who was torn away from his work by the war in the plenitude of his activity.

After two years of heroic struggle on the front his fine artist's eyes closed to the light; his body was torn by nine wounds; his nerves were broken by imprisonment.

Yet Lemordant returned bravely to his studio in Brittany.

As he could no longer paint he would content himself with speaking about painting. He would go about and preach the good word; he would battle for Art.

So he took up his active life again, ignoring his infirmity, and refusing to allow himself to be beaten.

#### An Artist Still

Everybody admired Lemordant fervently; and so they do today, for he had now proved himself as great as the noblest men of the war. *He has become dumb.* His speech gradually died as his sight gradually failed. A thousand pains are leaguering themselves against this man's iron will, trying to overthrow him. His head aches day and night; his poor limbs, tormented as they are by old wounds, are condemned to immobility.

But Lemordant has more strength in his soul than all the forces of pain can find when they are formed together. When fate prevented him from painting, he spoke; now that fate prevents him from speaking, he uses his brain and his fingers; he is studying to be an architect. Lemordant blind, his tongue dumb, but an artist still, will design great buildings.

#### Fate Strikes in Vain

With his fingers he learns on rough models the whole evolution of modern architecture; with his brain he is evolving a work on architecture which he puts down in his beautiful handwriting.

"I was thinking of writing a book," he says, "but this new blow makes my work slower, much slower. Yet I will write the book in time; Fate strikes me in vain. He will wear himself out against me."

Such is this man the Great War could not break. Such men as he, on the day when there are enough of them, will yet break War itself.



## CHICAGO ON SOLOMON'S TRACK STABLES OF HIS HORSES FOUND

### Discoveries on the Ancient Field of Armageddon

#### A KING'S RICHES

When we think of Chicago it is natural to be rather dinned by its modernness, its crowds and cars, its rush and ruffianism, its big business, its resounding speculation. It is the last word in strenuous modernness.

But there is another side of Chicago which we seldom hear about. There is no place in the world doing more than Chicago to add to the world's knowledge of the early history of mankind, as it may be reconstructed from the buried ruins of Eastern civilisations.

#### Battleground for Centuries

Through the generosity of young Mr. Rockefeller the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, under the directorship of the distinguished archaeologist and scholar Dr. J. H. Breasted, has since the war been carrying on an architectural survey in Egypt, with copying of ancient inscriptions, expeditions into Palestine and Mesopotamia, and a survey in Asia Minor of the region once occupied by the Hittites. In each of these districts highly valuable research work has been begun.

The latest reports come from Palestine, where the ruins of the ancient fortress of Armageddon, now known as Megiddo, are being excavated under the direction of Mr. Guy, the field director of the Institute. The plain of Megiddo has been a battleground for unnumbered centuries. It is flanked by a mountain ridge whose pass was guarded in olden days by the stronghold of Armageddon. It was here that the Egyptians conquered the Canaanites fifteen centuries B.C. It was here that Lord Allenby made the encircling cavalry movement that caused the Turks to flee hastily from Palestine.

#### Regalia of a King

Armageddon has never been seriously and thoroughly studied, but now the Chicago Expedition is excavating it in earnest. Underneath its great crowning mound lie the ruins of a succession of early cities. Already remains dating from the time of the Canaanite kings who held the country before the arrival of the Hebrews have been reached, and among the relics collected have been the regalia of one of those kings who was buried seven centuries before Solomon consolidated the Jewish monarchy.

The most interesting of the recent discoveries are associated with Solomon. Not only was Solomon a great king, he was a great trader, and in that way he added to his riches. The Bible tells how he brought droves of horses out of Egypt and sold them to the kings of the Hittites and of Syria. Armageddon was one of the depots where his horses were stabled 2800 years ago, and the Chicago excavators have unearthed the stables where they were carefully groomed and tended.

#### Old and New Meet

Already stabling for about 150 horses has been uncovered, arranged in twelve double rows of twelve stalls each, row facing row, with a passage between for the grooms and the mangers. Even the holes in the stalls where the halter ropes were fastened remain intact.

Invaluable historical knowledge may come from these researches carried on by American scholars from Chicago. So the Old and the New Worlds meet; and we are reminded from Armageddon that Chicago is not altogether absorbed in modern business.

## THE KING'S MINER From Sunderland to Sandringham

Through the King's illness many a little act of kindness and of love came to light. The whole Empire was glad and proud to read of them, knowing well that the private life of the King, though kept so secluded from the public eye, was full of them.

One such act dates from only a few days before he fell ill. He had known of the appeals which had been made on behalf of the distressed miners, one of which was that landowners might try to find work for some of them on their estates.

The King, as the Squire of Sandringham, had a letter sent to the Labour Ministry offering work on his estate for an unemployed miner. A Sunderland man with a wife and four children was chosen, and in a cottage at Sandringham the family is now happily established, the spectre of hardship and unemployment banished for ever from their lives.

We can guess whether the miner works hard at his new job, and how the family joined in the national prayer that God might save the King.

## THE WHEELS OF CHANCE A Calcutta Cyclist Reaches Charing Cross

Many adventures, not all of them gay, befell the four Indian clerks who pedalled their way on bicycles from Calcutta to London, and the luckiest of them seemed to be Mr. Bimal Mukerji, an assistant in the Bank of India, till he came with his bicycle to Charing Cross Road.

Then a taxi came his way, and, though at the time of writing it is not quite clear what happened, the result was that Mr. Mukerji was carried head downward between the axle and the front wing of the taxi, still clinging to his bicycle.

That, at any rate, was Mr. Mukerji's impression when he was picked out, and asked if he were hurt.

It seems an inhospitable welcome to one of our Indian fellow-subjects who had ridden so hard and so far to see our fair city of London. But Mr. Mukerji seemed to think it might have been worse. One of his three companions had broken his nose during the long journey through the flowery land of Persia, the passes of Turkey, the cities of Austria-Hungary and Turkey. Another had fallen ill by the wayside. The third thought he had ridden far enough and wished to go back by sea.

Mr. Mukerji, we hope, will pedal on. Africa is the next item on his programme.

## A FRIEND IN NEED The Horse that Saved Another

There is a Welsh horse at Pantyderi in Carmarthenshire which can do everything but speak. Even without speaking it has done a kind act which would be a credit to any Scout.

The farmer was at his dinner when the horse dashed into the stableyard and careered about with such wild energy that the farmer came out in alarm. Then the intelligent animal dashed out of the yard again.

Alarmed lest the horse should do some injury the farmer followed in pursuit till he came to a marsh. There he saw another horse which had foundered and was struggling in terror, unable to get out.

Ropes were brought and the sinking horse was dragged to safety. It owed its life to its friend.

## THE BATTLE OF DUNSTABLE THE LITTLE HILL OF ANCIENT MEMORY Thrilling Discovery Lately Made in a Burial-Mound

### UNKNOWN WARRIORS OF THE CENTURIES

A battle was fought at quiet Dunstable in Bedfordshire fifteen centuries ago of which the name and the cause and the warriors are all forgotten.

But traces of the fight have been discovered by the students who are excavating there.

At Dunstable is a prehistoric burial-mound, a barrow raised in the Bronze Age to the memory of some departed chieftain of some British tribe. The mound-builders are forgotten, and even why they built these mounds to commemorate their dead is a matter of mere supposition. The mound-builders had gone before the Romans came. To the Romans these mounds were prehistoric monuments as mysterious as the ruins in Rhodesia or Honduras are to us.

#### Keeper of the Saxon Shore

When the Romans were here they kept a fleet off East Anglia, and its admiral was the Keeper of the Saxon Shore. When they had gone this sea-defence decayed and the raiding Saxons came farther and farther inland. Some body of raiders broke in as far as Dunstable; and there, by the ancient barrow, men were locked in strife all day. On the one side were the Britons, who had learned their fighting from the Romans and were striking for hearth and home. On the other side were the fierce invaders.

The old burial-mound, beneath which lay chieftains of a departed race whose battles had ended more than a thousand years before, was a rallying-point. It can tell us nothing of the fortunes of the battle except this—that the Saxon raiders must have been beaten off.

#### A Pathetic Memory

Those were wild and ruthless days, when no mercy was shown to prisoners or captives. Those of the Saxons who had not fled from the stricken field, but had been captured, were slain. Their bodies, with their hands still tied behind them, were flung into a shallow trench dug on the prehistoric mound. There they have lain for a length of years as long as the years of the mound itself were numbered when they died. The mound may be between three thousand and four thousand years old, the Saxon dead have been buried there half that time, and now in the twentieth century the archaeologists have uncovered this strange fragment in the history of both. The skeletons of these Saxon soldiers lay hidden until not long ago, when the excavators, digging for the ruins of earlier times in the ancient mound, revealed this pathetic memory of the Saxon days.

## THE CLOCK THAT SETS ITSELF

### No Man's Hand Needed

The first wireless clock to be used by a railway company is being placed in one of the new big railway stations of New York City.

The clock automatically receives correct time from the wireless station at Arlington, and without being touched by man's hand sets its dial and winds itself up. It also acts as a master clock controlling a number of others in different parts of the station.

## MEETING TROUBLE WITH A JOKE A Dickens Meets a Weller ANCESTOR OF THE TRENCHES MEN

It will be a long time before a stranger thing happens than this.

Mr. H. C. Dickens, grandson of the immortal novelist, was counsel for the defence in a case at Reading County Court the other day, and one of the witnesses was called Samuel Weller!

Is it a pleasant or bothersome thing to be called Samuel Weller, we wonder? People chaff Mr. Weller, no doubt, and in some moods it must be difficult to live up to the Sam who was always so cheerful. On the other hand, most people must be ready to like Mr. Weller for the sake of his name: people are fonder of Sam than all the lovely heroines and dashing heroes in the book world put together. He met troubles with a joke. He was the true ancestor of the Cockney soldiers in the Great War who labelled their trenches Piccadilly and Bond Street.

Some of Dickens's characters may seem a little old-fashioned and stiff to modern folk, but people will always be able to understand Sam Weller, for there will always be people like him in the poor parts of English towns. He is the salt of our democracy: a loyal man, who meets trouble with a joke.

## THE LAND BEYOND JORDAN

### Beginning to Rule Itself

Trans-Jordan, the land beyond Jordan, has been put under British care by a Mandate of the League in the hope that in time it may become one of the sovereign nations of the world.

A step toward that end has just been taken in the election of a Legislative Council, which means that for the first time the wild Arab population is to enjoy some approach to self-government.

British overlordship is represented by the High Commissioner, who is also Governor of Palestine, living at Jerusalem, and by a British Resident at Amman, the Trans-Jordan capital; but hitherto the Emir Abdullah, an elder brother of King Feisal of Iraq, has ruled with little outside control beyond a criticism of his rather erratic finance. Now he is setting up a Legislative Council, which will be partly elected and partly nominated, so as to give the Arabs and British officialdom a larger share of control.

When first the Emir put forth the scheme Arab Nationalists would have nothing to do with it, objecting to the presence of foreigners. Since then, however, the Arabs of Trans-Jordan and Syria have been settling old-standing feuds among themselves under the guidance of a young British official; and this, it is hoped, may make them more ready to cooperate with us in other ways.

## THINGS SAID

The scholar is often a poor teacher.

Dr. Richard Wilson

Peace is not the mere absence of fighting.

Bishop of Manchester

Germany is dissatisfied and France is afraid.

The Times

Nature often leans her weight in favour of warm-hearted kindness and nimble wits.

Professor J. Arthur Thomson

To provide one moral standard for the civilisation of the world there is no competitor that can be set against Christianity.

Dr. Temple

I have been 40 years at sea and in the Arctic, and have never used alcohol.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell



## THE WAYS OF A CRAB

### A LITTLE DETECTIVE STORY

Tale of the Beach and a War Glimpse of an Island

### THE FATAL STROKE

By Our Natural Historian.

All humour is said to be traceable to seven original jokes, and all the plots of plays and novels are held to arise from such meagre sources. Creators of fiction, if they studied Nature, might greatly enrich their pages by an occasional reference to the realities of life.

Who could imagine a more surprising turn of events than this incident at Marseilles? A year ago burglars stole from a house there property which included shares in a cinematograph company which all the resources of the law failed to recover.

#### An Exceptional Bite

Twelve months later an angler was fishing from the quayside at Marseilles when he felt a "bite" of exceptional power. Hauling in his line he brought to land a crab holding a large packet in its claws, and to this packet several smaller crabs were clinging.

The packet proved to contain the missing shares, thrown into the sea, we must suppose, by the thief as dangerous to their possessor. The story must seem almost impossible to those who know nothing of crab life and of the tenacity with which these creatures cling to anything in the water to which they may take a fancy.

Their instinct for gain, however, is exercised even when not in the water. Some time ago at the English seaside a watcher saw a crab scuttling along at a crab's gallop over the beach carrying a sparrow in one of its claws, raised like a fluttering umbrella over its head. Before the bird could be released its captor had plunged with it into the sea to drown and eat it at leisure.

#### Secret Performances

Those whose privilege it is to witness the secret performances in the night watches in the insect house at the Zoo can tell tales still stranger. Land crabs are kept there, and to their dens go mice and rats, emboldened by profit gained without risk to themselves elsewhere. A mouse touches a crab; instantly it is seized by eight terrible little claws, and there and then the career of the mouse ends.

It is not hard to kill a mouse, but a rat is a different problem. Yet, as to the manner born, the crab knows how to deal with it. One of the great claws seizes the animal and the other imposes an immediate and fatal grip on the back of the neck of the rat. No trained dog could more adroitly administer the death stroke.

#### Ferocity of the Land Crab

There seems little that is impossible for crabs to perform. Some species which are sea-born live ashore, climb trees, and attack men on mountain sides. They eat coconuts, they eat birds, they raid rabbit warrens, they gnaw the flesh of sleeping men. One of the most memorable and horrifying items in their record is in a report on the sinking of the German cruiser Emden on the Cocos Islands during the war.

The German wounded had to lie untended on land for fifteen hours after the battle, and a tragic phrase hints at their experience: "The land crabs are very ferocious there," we read. No novelist depicting the horrors of war ever imagined a scene more terrible than these words suggest. E. A. B.

#### When You Go By Bus

Do not throw your ticket in the street.

Drop it in the Bus

## GRANDFATHER OF I·SEE·ALL



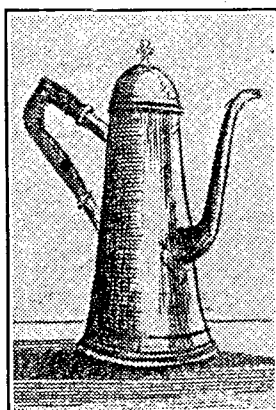
Three little boys playing at marbles: this is called Taw.



This is a very large bird: it is called an ostrich.



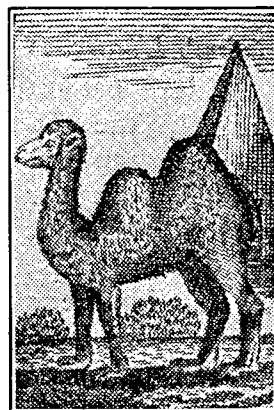
Leapfrog: be careful not to throw each other down.



Here is a coffee-pot; coffee-urns are now more used.



Here is a neat stone bridge; a man on a horse is going over.



The camel is a docile animal, and is used to carry loads.



Here are a man and woman making hay.



The nice little girl has risen; see, her bed is made.



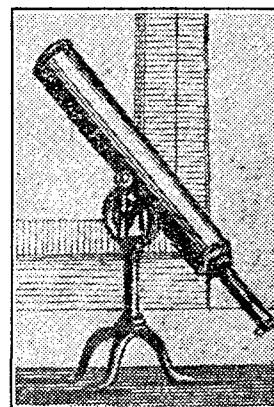
When one throws the ball the other catches it.



The sunflower makes a grand appearance in the garden.



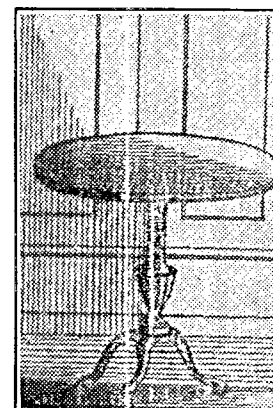
This dangerous play is very improper for young ladies.



A telescope on a stand; look and see the distant castle.



These boys are coming from school; one has his satchel.



The inside of a room: this is a round mahogany table.



This play is called cricket; the boy must not miss the ball.

I See All may delight the world with its 100,000 pictures of everything, but it is nothing new, after all. These pictures are from a little set of books 100 years old, each book the size of the picture, which the Editor of the C.N. has in his possession. The descriptions are from the old books written for children of the time of Waterloo.

## WHAT A PIECE OF COAL CAN DO

### ITS NATURAL WEALTH

Precious Energies It Has Drawn From the Sun in Ages Past

### THE TREASURY OF A THOUSAND RICHES

In words more picturesque than sensible a well-known cynic has been telling the miners that if he had his way he would close every coal-mine in Great Britain for ever.

He would harness the tides and would thereby generate sufficient power to serve the entire country.

But the truth is that even if we had power enough to drive all our machinery we should still need coal, and miners to win it for us. The part coal plays in warming our houses, cooking our food, driving ships and trains, and providing current for electric plant, does not represent nearly all the value of this precious mineral to mankind.

Coal stores energy from the Sun which was absorbed by forests millions of years ago. When we liberate that energy we liberate at the same time properties which might almost suggest that a benevolent magician had packed the coal with miracles. The things that householders waste when they burn coal in an open fire are of far greater worth than the heat derived from the fire.

#### Invaluable By-Products

(Even if our climate changed to one of great warmth, rendering fires for comfort unnecessary, we should still have to mine coal for its by-products. The gas it yields is only the beginning of the volume of marvels.

All the best dyes, most of the best scents, and the essences which flavour cakes and sweets come from coal-tar. The invalid who cannot take ordinary sugar safely uses saccharine made from coal; the invalid faint and suffering from headache employs smelling salts which have been distilled from coal. Carbolic acid and all the most powerful disinfectants which prevent the spread of infectious diseases are derived from the same source.

#### If We Closed Our Mines

Benzine for our cars, creosote to render timber enduring, naphthalene to keep moths from our clothes, sulphuric, hydrochloric, nitric, and acetic acids, oils for our lamps and furnaces and for lubricating, pitch for many purposes, the foundation of plaster of Paris for use in surgery and art—these and scores of other indispensable substances spring from the treatment of coal.

If we closed our mines our fields might become barren, for some of the most important of our fertilisers are derived from coal. The great furnaces which make steel for half the world rely in the main on coke, which is coal from which all the chemically valuable elements have been extracted.

#### Beneficent Explosives

Then there are explosives which defended our shores from invasion and our armies from annihilation during the Great War, but now serve a beneficent purpose in peaceful days in engineering, even, when used in small quantities, in curing sickness.

Coal is one of the supreme riches of Nature, as necessary to civilisation as the sunlight from which it originally derived its manifold efficiency. We should have to keep the mines open even if we could tomorrow bid the tides transfer their power to the service of man.

Coal is the treasury of a thousand riches, and has no known substitute.



## CRUSOE'S ISLAND

### WHAT IT IS LIKE NOW

Traveller Brings Back News  
from Juan Fernandez

### ITS PEOPLE AND ANIMALS

The best boy's story ever written was written by Daniel Defoe about the lonely life of Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish sailor, on the island of Juan Fernandez. What do we know of Juan Fernandez now?

The answer, for most of us, is that we know very little of it. But quite recently one of the expert scientists of the fine American Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Waldo Schmitt, has been living for some weeks on the island, studying its almost innumerable marine invertebrates, and he has brought back into the world at large its latest news.

Defoe placed his Crusoe's island on the northern shore of South America, in the mouth of Orinoco River, but nobody is deceived by that. Alexander Selkirk was the man he had in his mind, and Juan Fernandez, named after the Spanish captain who first discovered it, some 400 miles off the coast of Chile, was the island of Crusoe.

### An Eventful History

It has had "a strange, eventful history" both before and after Alexander Selkirk was there, longing for years, according to Cowper's poem, to hear "the sound of the church-going bell" of civilisation. It was Fernandez who stocked it with the goats Crusoe found there, which still abound. Seamen who deserted from ships which called there for water had lived on the island before Selkirk was left on its shore by his captain, till he was taken off by Rogers, captain of a privateer, in 1709.

The Spaniards annexed the island in 1750 and put a garrison on it, and Chile took it over at the beginning of the last century and made it a prison for criminals. A century later this use of it had ceased, and it was said to have about twenty inhabitants. What of it now?

### Island of Romance

Dr. Schmitt brings the news that Crusoe's island is naturally one of the easiest places to exist in that can be found on the Earth, a paradise for anyone who is content with an aimless life.

About thirteen miles long and four miles wide, rising ruggedly to over 3000 feet, with deep waters round it, it has green and wooded valleys, fresh streams, abundant vegetation—fantastic in its exuberant growth, almost every vegetable (either of native growth or introduced as the years have gone on), a fertile soil, all useful animals, but none wild except a remnant of the goats which Crusoe knew; and such an abundance of fish that fishing is its chief industry, lobsters being exported in exchange for the tinned salmon and meats and baked beans of America.

And what of its inhabitants? Where Crusoe once reigned alone are now somewhat fewer than 300 people, Spanish-speakers from the South American coast, with some French and German families, several of whom were shipwrecked there, and are content to stay. A simple, hospitable people they are. All live on the eastern, rainy and fertile, side of the island.

### Priest's Yearly Visit

The island is extremely healthy and has no doctor, but a wireless call can be made to the mainland in an emergency. It has a church to which a priest comes once a year for a service, and to conduct baptismal and wedding ceremonies. Twice a month a vessel calls with supplies from Chile, and occasionally a passing vessel puts in for water. But, in strangest contrast with the silence and loneliness of Crusoe, a daily programme is broadcast to the island from the city of Valparaiso.

If an aimless life of ease were all that man needs it could be found in this island of romance.

## THE COST OF TALK

### PLACE FOR CHEAP CHATS

The Favoured Fourteen of the  
Telephone Book

### WHY?

Up to a few years ago London subscribers when using the telephone to places outside the metropolitan area did so by means of what is known as the trunk service.

A rearrangement of the service brought into being for calls not too remote from London what is called the toll exchange. With the reform came a new system of charges in which a former benefit disappeared.

Under the old scheme a three-minute call became a six-minute call after seven o'clock in the evening, without additional cost. The privilege exists no more; a six-minute call is now two three-minute calls and paid for as two. It comes as a surprise, however, on examining the telephone directory, to find that there are exceptions, that a few places, as if privileged by ancient charter, retain their right to the double call for the fee of a single call.

### A Little Mystery

The exchanges governed by the modern toll system number about 500, and to all but fourteen of the places within the great area the new regulation applies: three minutes for a call, double price for a call extended to six minutes. Why the distinction should exist is not to be explained without inquiry.

For example, if we make a call after seven o'clock from London to Cuddington we pay 9d. for three minutes, but 1s. 6d. for six minutes; if, however, we telephone to Cuffley, we may have two three-minute calls for one 3d. Farnborough in Hampshire furnishes one call for one fee, but Farnborough in Kent permits two for one fee after seven.

Are we to suppose that people in the favoured areas forget to use their telephones in the evening, and have to be coaxed to bedtime conversations? There is nothing in the printed regulations to indicate by what process the Post Office has arrived at its conclusion, but in the formal list, starred with distinction, are fourteen places where the Londoner can get twice as much for his money as anywhere else.

### Half-Price Talks

In addition to the places named the happy ones are: Feltham, Ickenham, Northwood, Potters Bar, Radlett, Ruislip, South Mimms, Sunbury-on-Thames, Tolmers, Uxbridge, Watford, and Yiewsley in Middlesex.

To those places, and to those alone, of all the towns and villages covered by the 500 exchanges of the toll system, we can expand in distant intercourse, knowing that we are doing so at what is practically half-price.

## THE MARVELLOUS PROSPERITY FROM PROHIBITION

An English journalist who has been touring America under the auspices of the Carnegie Trust writes this note on Prohibition.

The prosperity of America is a huge fact, unaffected by local waves of unemployment. Rightly or wrongly, industrial regularity, physical fitness, high speed, high wages, high profits, quick turnovers, a general dissemination of wealth, are held to be partly due to Prohibition and largely promoted by it.

As accurate a view of the Prohibition situation as I can give represents the Law as a great social and economic success, which has so revolutionised life for the millions of the American people that they seem to be absolutely pampered by the goddess of fortune.

## ROMANCE OF A PICTURE SHOW

### The Labourer Who Paints

One of the most romantic exhibitions of pictures ever shown is now open at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. It is a show by the East London Arts Club.

A casual labourer, a basket-maker, a piano-case maker, a worker in a bicycle shop, an inspector of the Metropolitan Water Board—these are some of the men and women whose work is shown.

Four years ago Mr. John Cooper, the well-known artist, was asked by the London County Council to give evening classes in the Mile End Road. He found among his working-class students many men and women of talent, and two or three of genius. For these he formed the East London Arts Club.

When an exhibition of their work was contemplated Sir Charles Wakefield started a fund to frame the pictures and Sir Joseph Duveen generously arranged other expenses. Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Walter Sickert, and Lord Burnham are among others who have worked to make the exhibition a success. Some of the pictures have been bought by Sir Joseph Duveen to be shown at the Tate Gallery.

Many people will be surprised to find that those who live and work in drab streets have so vivid a sense of beauty. Others will marvel that so much can be achieved after a day's hard work. Truly the word romantic suits the East London Arts Club Exhibition.

## THE CHANGING GODS OF CHINA

### Standing in the Light

There is a man who manufactures a very beautiful fountain-pen the case of which is made of bakelite, which is made of carboric acid and formaldehyde and is used in enormous quantities at the present time.

The pen-maker told an interesting story the other day of how bakelite had been sent to China for the Chinese to make their images of, but that now the Chinese will not have it because the amber-coloured bakelite turned red, and the blue turned green.

These changes in colour are evidently due to the action of light, but the Chinese were very annoyed to find their gods changing from blue to green, and so on, as they stood in the light, and until chemists can find out how to make bakelite keep its colour in the Eastern sun the gods will have to be made of something else.

## A BOY WHO WILL GET ON

From a North of England Correspondent

It is always pleasant to hear of boys learning how to help themselves and make their way in the world by honest work. Many of the finest men did it when they were boys. They found out ways of being useful.

Here is a case, right up to date, of a lad who will get on.

A bookseller, with a stall in the open air on market day, had set out his stall when up came a small boy, evidently not very well off, and asked if he could be of any use.

"No," said the bookseller. "Be off!"—for he was feeling out of sorts that morning. He, however, noticed that the boy was polite, clean, and tidy.

Next week the boy appeared again, asked the same question, and earned a shilling by minding the stall.

On the third week he was there again for the Saturday market. Then the bookseller learned that this was the boy's way of doing his bit to help a widowed mother with a family.

That bookseller now has on market days a very young assistant who has begun life in a promising way by himself finding something to do.

## A REVOLUTION IN THE RAILWAY WORLD

### STEEL SLEEPERS?

How the Carnegie Millions  
Were Made Long Ago

### A SHEFFIELD STORY

If experiments which are now being carried out on the Southern Railway prove successful the wooden sleeper will awake to find its railway occupation gone.

The company is installing a preliminary 35 miles of steel sleepers on its track. Tests on a small scale have been in progress for some years, hence the larger investigation.

Should the present venture be followed by the good results expected all wooden sleepers will gradually be withdrawn from their beds to make way for steel. The change will be of great consequence to the steel industry, which sorely needs new outlets for its products, and money which formerly went abroad will be kept at home. The men who once made battleships, guns, and armour-plating will rib the highways of peace with metal nobly employed.

### Overseas Timber

None of the wood which furnished railways was home-grown, except for one period of shortage during the war when the German submarines so cut down our imports that we had to use unseasoned elm, just as it was sawn from the tree, as sleepers for our trains to run upon.

Much of the timber used, however, came from overseas Britains, notably the famous hard woods of Australia, wood which will not float in water, and, even when untreated, resists the attack of the sea for twenty years. We travel over sleepers of Australian wood and have above our heads more wood of the same sort; practically all the crosspieces on the telegraph poles which carry the insulators and wires come from the forests of our island continent.

### Steel and Wrought Iron

Not for the first time will the railways create a revolution in the metal trade. When railways first began to spread about the continents there was an unprecedented demand for iron and steel. Not only were rails wanted, not only engines, wheels, plates, and all the manifold parts of trains which necessitate the use of metal, but thousands of metal bridges had to be built. The Carnegie millions were derived largely from profits from this great expansion.

Not that steel gained an easy entry into our railway systems; wrought-iron was originally the substance to which the companies pinned their faith. A famous Sheffield firm advocated steel, and were pooh-poohed. They continued to advocate steel, but were answered that steel could never compete with the sterner properties of wrought-iron.

### A Secret Revealed

At last, after several years, the firm revealed a secret. They had great sidings of their own, leased from the railway, and they confessed that for years steel had been in use on all that stretch of line.

They had quietly removed the iron rails and substituted steel. Now they asked for comparison of their rails with the company's rails. The test furnished a triumph for steel, which has since then been everywhere substituted for iron. Now it goes one step farther in beginning the end of the reign of wood as the sleepers over which the trains are to run.

## SAVINGS OF THE PEOPLE

The banks and societies taking care of the savings of working and middle-class people in this country now have among them a total of about 1600 million pounds.

noted  
on 11  
to 7



Dr. Barnardo's Homes are making their annual appeal for gifts to maintain their great family of 8000. The family grows by five children every day, and everything a child can need is welcome. A shilling a day will keep one of these little ones.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 29 1928

1929

## A Prayer For Our Beautiful Country

O BEAUTIFUL my country !  
Be thine a nobler care  
Than all thy wealth of commerce,  
Thy harvests waving fair :  
Be it thy pride to cherish  
The manhood of the poor ;  
Be thou to the oppressed  
Fair freedom's open door.

For thee our fathers suffered,  
For thee they toiled and prayed ;  
Upon thy holy altar  
Their willing lives they laid.  
Thou hast no common birthright,  
Grand memories on thee shine ;  
The blood of pilgrim nations  
Commingle flows in thine.

O beautiful my country !  
Round thee in love we draw ;  
Thine is the grace of freedom,  
The majesty of law.  
Be righteousness thy sceptre,  
Justice thy diadem,  
And on thy shining forehead  
Be peace the crowning gem.

## A Prayer For Our Wonderful World

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light :  
The year is dying in the night ;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :  
The year is going, let him go ;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more ;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife ;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times ;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Quickness of Robert

This story reaches us from two Australian girls in London.

THE girls were with their uncle, who, fresh from Queensland, had lost his bearings in London, and asked the policeman to direct him to his hotel. This was competently done.

Three days later the trio found themselves in the very same spot in Park Lane once again, uncertain of their way back to their headquarters !

The uncle pushed his way across the busy street and addressed the policeman standing there. He was the same man, and Uncle asked where his hotel was.

"It's in just the same spot as when I told you the other afternoon," calmly replied Robert, repeating the directions.

## A Bit of Space

IN Paris the very kerbstones are to be made to speak.

The advertiser has found another bit of space. Illuminated signs are to glow on the edge of the pavement, we are told, and the gracious idea of using these two or three inches of kerb will add a new fascination to the adventure of getting killed in Paris.

Is it not time the advertiser left us a little space free ? In London the newspaper boys wear sky-signs ; Paris bids the world look to its feet. Let us be thankful that nobody has yet found how to print an advertisement on a rose.

## Superfluous on the Stage

It is surely one of the oddest things in the world that a bad idea should linger on the stage long after the rest of the world has seen how bad it is.

We hear on every hand of the sad condition of our theatres, and is there any wonder ? There is at this moment, running in one of our smaller theatres, a play with a capital idea, an excellent possibility for an evening's entertainment, ruined to boredom by a young lord who *spends the whole evening drunk*.

If we forgive the idea that he must be muddled to begin with, the long-drawn-out disgust is unpardonable and destructive of the play. We have rarely seen a case of a good idea so needlessly thrown away by somebody who clearly does not know that for 20 years the slobbering drunkard has lagged superfluous on the stage.

## A Prayer For Girls

O God our Father, we beseech Thee to bless us, and all who belong to the Girl's Friendly Society. Help us to bear one another's burdens, to live not for ourselves but for others, as members of one family. Make us pure and holy by the indwelling of Thy Spirit, and bring us all at last to the joy of Thy Heavenly Kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Prayer of the Girl's Friendly Society

## A Word From Westminster

IN the oldest place in London is always something new.

One of the newest things to us is an epitaph of a good man in St. Margaret's at Westminster. We caught only the last line, but we do not think we shall forget it very soon. It is worth remembering :

*Of such men as this Arncliffe was,  
God make the number large.*

Who among us would not be satisfied to be remembered thus ?

## Tip-Cat

How will the flapper vote ? It may worry her, but she won't let anyone see her cross.

THE motor-car of the future, it is said, will be fitted with wings. That is because pedestrians are beginning to fly.

THE peacock is supposed to be the unluckiest of living things. But it always has a good spread.

FEW people nowadays want any home-life. Yet confectioners, at all events, must still have a home, sweet home.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the moon-beams slide down the Pole Star

IN a hundred years everyone in London will live in a flat, we are told. More overcrowding.

WE hear little just now of the man in the street. Perhaps he has gone in out of the wet.

No Scotsman will live in a bad country. He is afraid it might be the worse for him.

A WELL-KNOWN artist dislikes the design on the new £1 notes. Which ? So many people have designs on them.

AN American complains that English politics are too drawn out. That is because they have such a pull.

A UNIVERSITY degree is no proof of a good education. It only proves that you are educated up to a degree.

A NEW novel is said to be without a hero. That is nothing ; many new novels are quite characterless.

1929

Take thou this gift of days,  
Swift time that never stays,  
Fashioned for tarnishing or for adorning ;  
Furnished with shade and shine,  
All that it holds is thine,  
Slumber at nightfall and new strength at morning.

My hours attend thy will,  
Use them for good or ill,  
But when their tale is told and journey's ending,  
Will someone say " Well done ! "  
At that last set of Sun,  
When an account is asked of all thy spending ?

## The Leadership of the World

WE could not expect to have any degree of disarmament of a satisfactory kind unless we discovered an international policy for which armaments would not be necessary. What is this policy ?

To replace international rivalry by international cooperation ; to transform the present epoch of international anarchy into another era of international cooperation in which world problems would be treated as world problems by a world civilisation ; and to bring the whole of international life under one intelligent direction.

If this were done we might expect a rapid evolution of disarmament.

The task is in harmony with British genius. What have been the outstanding features of British development ? The King's peace and common law. I cannot see why what has been so helpful and so fertile in this country cannot be extended to the whole world. That is why it seems to me that the only solution for the problem of disarmament is one in which the English would be privileged to be able to take the leadership. I hope it will be so. I expect it.

Señor de Madariaga, Spanish  
Professor of Spanish at Oxford

## As the Year Goes Out and the Night is Falling

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown ;

Be near me when all else is from me drifting :  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces, to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father ! Let Thy Spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if (my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace)  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long. Whittier

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ONE hundred years ago there was a criminal in every 22 of the population ; now there is one in every 300.

ON his 78th birthday Mr. Bernhard Baron gave away £36,000.

A PIECE of land on the Mount of Olives has been given to Bible students.



## INDIA UNDER THE FLAG

### NEW LIFE AND PROSPERITY FOR MILLIONS

#### An Immense Engineering Feat in the Himalayas

#### WILD BEASTS, DEADLY INSECTS, AND THE LIVES OF MEN

This is an age of great engineering feats. They are everywhere.

Some of them are written about as they grow till the fame of them resounds throughout the world. Some of them grow in silence till they are completed, and then the world hears of them suddenly and wonders. That is how it is with the great Sarda Canal which was quietly opened the other day by Sir Malcolm Hailey, the Governor of the United Provinces of India. It is one of the biggest and most difficult engineering feats ever attempted.

#### A Formidable Difficulty

If you run your eye from east to west along the southern border of the friendly State of Nepal, which separates Bengal and the United Provinces from the great Himalaya mountain chain, you will see that just where the boundary of Nepal turns northward is the River Sarda. It forms the boundary, and it flows south-east between the River Gogra, which comes from Nepal, and the Ganges, which drains the centre of the United Provinces.

The Sarda has always had an unsolved water difficulty. On the mountains at its source the rainy season drops a deluge, which the river rushes uselessly away; yet there comes a time when a large area below in the United Provinces is parched, and its crops are ruined for need of water. It is calculated that the River Sarda, of which probably you never heard before, discharges when in flood thirty times as much water a second as came down the Thames last winter when it rose over the Embankment. The problem has been to catch that water, hold it up till it is needed, and then distribute it by canal over the thirsty fertile land below.

#### Seven Million Acres

Eight years ago this work began, and now a huge dam has been made across the river where it leaves the mountains for the plain, and a canal 350 feet wide gathers up the imprisoned water and will pass it on quietly into 4000 miles of canal and distributing channels, over an area of seven million acres, on as large a region as all the fertile land of Egypt. It is calculated that when a dry season comes nearly one-fourth of all this land will need irrigation. At other times the extra water will enable more to be grown on the land, and a better quality of plants to be produced.

#### Three Thousand Bridges

The vastness of this scheme can only be realised by knowing some of the figures of present and future construction. The main canal is 27 miles long. As it spreads its waters over the country it has been necessary to build 3000 bridges for road traffic over its courses. Sometimes the canal has to burrow under rivers. At the Jagbura River, which in flood discharges over 40,000 cubic feet a second, a siphon was constructed under the river to carry the canal in 28 huge pipes over six feet wide. The canal itself has a bed at the head 350 feet wide, which can be closed by steel gates made at Kilmarnock—16 gates each 20 feet long.

Provision has had to be made not only for watering the plain, but also, where it is low, for unwatering it by 1800 miles of drainage. In all 5800 miles of drainage pipes are being laid. The cost of all this work, done in faith that it will bring untold blessings to the

## THE PRINCE'S WONDERFUL JOURNEY

It was by a remarkable feat of travel that the Prince of Wales reached his father's bedside from the heart of the jungle. There have been few more astonishing journeys.

He came across Europe faster than any man has ever been before by train. He came 6500 miles in little over a fortnight, and 5000 miles, through snowstorms and fogs, in just over nine days.

The Prince was hunting somewhere along the railway line in Tanganyika when the first news came to him, carried by motor-car, of the grave condition of the King. He was 6500 miles from home. He made his way to Dodoma without delay, reached Dar-es-Salaam on November 28, and left at the earliest possible moment in the cruiser Enterprise, which steamed away from Dar-es-Salaam at 10 a.m. on Sunday, December 2.

The Enterprise reached Aden about noon on December 5 and left in the evening, and on December 7 the Prince

landed at Suez and went overland to Cairo, rejoining the ship at Port Said. He then took the rough passage to Brindisi, where a special train was waiting for him with steam up. This was Monday, December 10.

The ordinary sleeping-car from Brindisi leaves at 2.9 p.m. on Monday, and enables a traveller to arrive in London at 3.30 p.m. on Wednesday. In the Prince's case half a day was saved. His train covered 640 miles from Brindisi to Chiasso in a little over sixteen hours, saving over three hours on the normal express time. At Chiasso Swiss engines took over the train, and at Basle French engines were linked up. From Basle the 462 miles were done in record time, and the Prince reached Boulogne at 6.40 p.m. on Tuesday, having come 1299 miles from Brindisi. He was at Folkestone at 8.43 p.m., and reached London at 10.17 p.m. Not until 3.30 p.m. the next day did the ordinary passengers from Brindisi arrive.

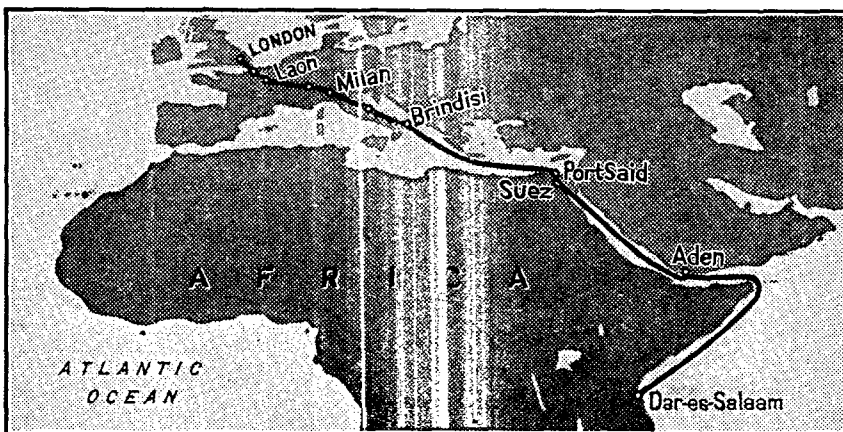
## FATHER AND SON



The King



The Prince



The way the Prince came home

One of the pathetic incidents in the history of the King's illness has been the race home of the Prince of Wales to see his father. The Prince travelled about five thousand miles in ten days.

#### Continued from the previous column

cultivators of the soil who are already clamouring for the expected water, is from seven to eight million pounds.

Well, some may say, water systems on a big scale have been provided before, and what is there in this that is different? There is a great deal that is different. Along the foot of the Himalayan mountains is a dreaded belt of forest land that may well daunt the bravest worker. It is intensely unhealthy, infested with poisonous insects, and inhabited by fierce animals. In this region, only thinly inhabited by people who have become somewhat acclimatised to its lurking dangers, the rascals of a wide region, brigands and murderers, hide themselves and supplement the other dangers of the place. All the resources of science have had to be used to make the dreaded Tarai habitable at all by the kind of workers needed in engineering construction. Protection has had to be

given to the workers by armed guards. During the four hottest summer months the Tarai has conquered and progress has been suspended. Yet the scheme at last has been carried through to the stage of opening the canal. Of course years will pass before the full extent of its beneficent effects can be seen.

One point we hope our Indian friends never will forget: the benefits that come to India from this vast enterprise have been paid for with the health and vitality of many men. Not a few engineers have sacrificed their strength working in malarial conditions, and the work has been made possible only by the most careful scientific precautions that could be devised.

So, once again, the happiness of the people of India has been paid for with a great price; so, once again, a great step forward has been taken, under the British flag, toward bringing the millions of Eastern people into line with the progress of the modern world.

## ON THE OLD TRAIL

### EZRA MEEKER AND HIS COVERED WAGON

#### The Pioneer Who Saw His Country Grow Great and Strong

#### DOING IT OVER AGAIN

Before Ezra Meeker died in Seattle at ninety-seven he went up in an aeroplane. Yes, sir; old Uncle Ezra did just that thing. He flew from Seattle to Washington in 24 hours. He surely made it a day.

American children knew Uncle Ezra well, because he wrote for them Uncle Ezra's Pioneer Stories for Children; and he was able to do that when he was just becoming an old man—though he was never really old—because he had truly been a pioneer, one of the so-called Forty-niners who went in covered wagons across the 3000 miles of roadless forest, trackless prairie, desert, mountain, and swamp from the East Coast of America to the Golden Gate of San Francisco. Ezra did not go with the gold-seekers but followed in their trail.

#### A Perilous Journey

What a journey that was! Peril of hunger, peril of thirst, peril of attack by Indians not yet subdued to the white man's ways. Many died on that journey toward the setting Sun, their covered wagons left derelict like caravans that are lost in the Sahara.

The boldest and toughest won through, but women and children went with them. A woman and a child went with Ezra Meeker when he was a young man. The young woman was his nineteen-year-old bride, and the child was a baby seven weeks old. It is just 77 years ago since this rash young couple set out on the first stage of their journey from Iowa to Oregon—in Ezra's ox-wagon.

Many months they took to get to Portland in Oregon. Can you see the picture of them like a humble Holy Family trudging in the wilderness by day, making their solitary camp beneath the stars at night? Their little fire sends up its streak of smoke. They cook their evening meal—of something that Ezra has shot for supper and some herbs that his wife has gathered. There is no sound but the prairie dogs howling in the darkness. They sleep till the Sun wakes them.

#### The Promised Land

They are not always alone. There are other pioneers on the trail with whom they join forces; for across some of those sandy wastes the lone traveller would take his life in his hand, and, more precious than that, the lives of his wife and child.

But at last the great journey is done and the promised land is reached. It was not the land of gold and quick fortune for Ezra and his wife. They chose Portland in Oregon, and there for fifty years the pioneer lived a useful and busy life as farmer and energetic citizen.

When he was a young man of 76 he had the pleasant idea of doing again what he had done in his youth. He pieced together three old covered ox-wagons which he unearthed from farm buildings and out-of-the-way sheds, and set out with them along the old trail in the reverse direction. The journey took nearly two years.

#### The Old Oregon Trail

He went in his wagons to New York and Washington; then, with crowds coming out to cheer him, he went into Philadelphia and Cincinnati.

That did not satisfy him. He shipped his cattle and wagons to St. Louis and from there he drove back to Kansas City, Topeka, and St. Joseph, tracing the several branches of the old Oregon trail.

Now old Uncle Ezra is dead; but the West will hardly believe it. They will long see the soul of the old man marching along by the side of his covered ox-wagon.



## A LONDON SMITH A SHOE FOR THE MARKET HORSE

Hammering the Anvil in the  
Walls of St. Bartholomew's

### THE GREAT DELHI GATES

Passing through Clerkenwell the other day a C.N. friend looked in at the smithy in St. John's Lane.

It must seem strange to passers-by who peep through this wide-open door and see the roaring furnace here and hear the clink of the smith's hammer on the anvil. The smith is Francis Peter Arthurs, and he and his mate make about two hundred horseshoes every week, most of them for the great horses in Smithfield Market.

What is chiefly interesting about this smithy in the heart of London, where it has been for fourteen years, is that it once stood inside the very walls of St. Bartholomew the Great. Mr. Arthurs himself used to work at the forge within the precincts of the church; he shod the last horse which was ever shod there, in what is now a little chapel. The old bellows stood in the vestry wall, and in olden times it was possible for people at service in St. Bartholomew's to peep down on the smith at his work.

#### In the Old Days

Since then a little more conscience has entered into the treatment of the lovely 12th-century church.

We are quite sure that Mr. Arthurs prefers to shoe his horses in unconsecrated ground, and the great creatures tread as firmly in their shoes as when they crossed the square to market from St. Bartholomew's.

The thought of this smithy reminds us that in the old days there were many smithies where the making of shoes for horses was a small part of the work; the important work was the making of the beautiful wrought-iron screens and gates and brackets for lamps which are to be seen in nearly every cathedral in England and in many stately homes.

#### Cast and Wrought Iron

But the coming of what is called the Industrial Age brought mass production of cast-iron ornamentation, which is much less beautiful than wrought iron, and has little individual skill in it. The demand for wrought iron has declined to such an extent that now, we are told, there are probably less than a dozen skilled blacksmiths in the country whose work can compare with that of the skilled craftsmen of a few generations since. In schools of art the craft has been dropped, and there are now no apprentices, or very few, to a craft which once attracted thousands.

In the midst of this decline it is encouraging to hear that a firm which still employs skilled blacksmiths has lately secured the biggest order for wrought-iron work that has come to England for many years. The order, worth £6000, is for the ornamental gates for the new Viceroy's Court of the Government House at Delhi, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens. These gates, which are almost entirely of wrought iron, are being made by hand in the workshop of the Birmingham Guild, and the work will be completed in a few weeks.

#### Monument to Modern Skill

The design of the gates is impressively beautiful. There are numerous pairs, and the massive centre gates, rising to a height of 26 feet, are being surmounted by imperial crowns. The design is similar to the well-known gates at Hampton Court, by the master craftsman Tijou. They will weigh 54 tons.

The Birmingham blacksmiths are proud of their new work, which will be a monument to their skill long after they are gone; and it is hoped that this big order may help to bring about a revival in wrought-iron work, which has a beauty we cannot afford to lose.

## HARRY THE HEDGEHOG

By the Man He Lives With

This is the story of Harry the Hedgehog, as told by the friend with whom he lives.

Late one night I found Harry lying on the pavement of a busy thoroughfare. To save him from undesirable attentions I carried him home and placed him in my garden.

Next morning I discovered my prickly friend, after long search, in a nest he had made in a corner of the garden, and I left him undisturbed.

At night I looked for him again, and with difficulty found him. I tried to make friends with him, but he was bashful and refused to uncurl, so I left him that he might prow around, hunting for the slugs, snails, and insects he feeds on.

#### Peter and Hedgie

During the day Harry was always to be found in his nest of dead leaves, partly exposed to view in warm weather, but entirely covered on cold days.

Every night I searched the garden and persisted with my offers of friendship, till gradually Harry responded, and allowed me to carry him uncurled and even to stroke his snout.

Regularly at 11 p.m. I entered the garden and requested my Shetland collie Peter to "find Hedgie." Soon, wagging his tail, he led me to Harry, who then was carried carefully to where a saucer of milk awaited him. At first he only struggled to get free, but later became more friendly and drank the milk greedily, while I gently stroked his head and soft under-parts.

Peter and Harry are now good friends and sniff each other's noses whenever they meet.

#### Fond of Jam

In addition to his usual diet I sometimes give Harry small pieces of liver, or fish, and also a spoonful of jam, of which he is fond.

I have taken him indoors and watched his movements. In action he resembles a miniature tank, and is amusing to watch. He at once makes for a dark corner and sniffs about, sometimes standing on his hind legs while he explores the lower part of the wall. His snout can be moved in any direction, up and down and sideways, and it is always moist. He can climb. One day he was discovered six feet up the ivy of the garden wall. He was removed and rebuked, and he has not repeated this performance.

#### His Strangest Meal

In addition to the diet mentioned before he is partial to mice. His strangest meal, however, was snake. One day I caught a foot-long adder and left it (killed, of course) in the garden. Harry found it and ate six inches of it for one meal. As a special treat he sometimes gets an egg. A hole is made in the shell and he sucks out the contents.

During the approach of the hibernating season my little friend's nightly outings grew less and less frequent. He haunted the garden only about two nights a week. Indeed, he sometimes only bestirred himself to visit his saucer of milk, and then retired, practising, as it were, before hibernating in earnest.

Now that he has gone to sleep we miss him greatly, for he has proved an entertaining friend.

#### THE PONY BOOK

Whoever has a Country Life book knows he has something worth possessing.

The latest book from Country Life office is excellent in many ways, a real book for children on riding ponies. The Young Rider, as it is called, deals with ponies for health and pleasure, and every child who has it will want a pony too. The pony is not given away with the book, as the price is only half a guinea.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



There are now about four thousand ways of using wood.

Nearly 500 brands of tobacco are now grown in the British Empire.

There are now nearly one and a half million motor-licences in this country.

At March 31 last Australia's population was 6,262,000, about 800,000 more than in April 1921.

Turkey's first woman barrister appeared before the Stamboul court the other day to plead in her first case.

Mont Blanc is declared to be worth two millions a year to France owing to the tourists it attracts.

**Rubbish**  
The cost of collecting house refuse throughout the country is said to amount to ten million pounds a year.

**Other Counties Please Copy**  
Surrey County Council has ordered the removal of several unsightly advertisement boardings on the London to Lewes main road.

**Say It With Flowers**  
It is said that a "Say It With Flowers" campaign has increased the sale of cut flowers four times over in America during seven years.

**The Toll Bridge Nuisance**  
There are still 88 toll bridges left in England, 40 having been ransomed in the last two years.

**Bath's Citizen Players**  
The Citizen House Players of Bath have given an admirable performance of John Masefield's Nativity play, The Coming of Christ, in their Little Theatre.

**800,000 Blades on a Turbine**  
The turbines of the new French liner Ile de France have 800,000 blades, and required for their construction 115 miles of strip-brass.

## OLD FRIENDS IN OLD CHINA

### A Strange Adventure

A British missionary has brought home a strange story of an adventure which befell him early in 1927.

He was living in a town in Central China when a troop of bandits swooped down and occupied the place. Then Nationalist troops arrived and demanded their surrender. The bandits refused, fearing that they would all be shot, and a siege began.

The bandit garrison seized all the food they wanted, and even took the people's furniture to burn as fuel. Misery and fear reigned in the streets. In some cases men killed by shells were devoured by famished dogs.

One day a deputation arrived at the missionary's home. Would he go out with the chief magistrate under a flag of truce and try to make terms with the Nationalist commander?

#### His Old Teacher

He did not want to leave his family at the mercy of the mob, but in the end he consented to go because the deputation told him that both sides distrusted each other but were willing to regard him as neutral.

When he left the city gate one or two lawless men on the walls fired at him, but he was not hurt. He walked on about half a mile toward the Nationalist soldiers, who regarded white men as "foreign devils." As he drew near some men sprang up and levelled their rifles. But before they could fire a voice cried: "Stop! That is my old teacher!"

Down went the rifles, and an officer came running forward.

Seldom can pupil and teacher have met more luckily. They had not seen one another since the officer was a schoolboy, and neither knew that the other was in the district.

The old pupil was delighted, and the situation was saved.

## A DREAM OF THAMES SALMON

THE DAYS WHEN IT WAS  
PLENTIFUL

Only One Way to Bring Back  
a River's Lost Race

RICH ESTATE WITHOUT HEIRS

By Our Natural Historian

An authority on public health has been day-dreaming of a Thames with salmon in it.

The methods of those who once poured the liquid waste of factories into its waters have so improved that the river has returned to a state of purity which should make the life of Thames salmon again possible. For there is a legend that salmon were once so plentiful in the Thames that the apprentices of London protested against having salmon too often for dinner!

The growing impurity of the river must have had a doubly fatal effect on the fish. The lower reaches would become so foul that those seeking to run up would either be prevented or die in the attempt. The young ones in the nurseries at the head of the river, when the call came to them to pass down to the sea, would have to run the gauntlet of the same deadly chemical brew.

#### The Salmon and Its Birthplace

There are no Thames salmon left. The last is said to have been caught in 1866. When it wishes to lay its eggs or when it wishes to take a pleasure course of sweet inland waters, a salmon makes for the river in which it was born, for that and no other. For that it leaves the rich plenty of the sea, for that it braves the perils of nets and tides, and the steep, rocky ways up which it must leap.

London's river may broadcast its call to the great salmon tribe, but it appeals on the wrong wave-length. Other rivers are their homes, and it is to other rivers that they swim. The Thames is a rich estate without heirs, waiting to be claimed. To see salmon in it again we shall have to do with the Thames as we have done with the rivers of New Zealand and Australia.

#### The Only Way

We shall have to buy eggs, establish artificial hatcheries far up stream, and let the fish come to life in the only waters they know. To dashing little Adams and radiant little Eves we shall commit the Thames as their Eden. Then, when they grow to strength and swim in due course to the sea, the Thames will be remembered by them as home. They will return to it to found a new race of Thames salmon.

Only by such means can the Thames become again a salmon river. Penitence and pure waters alone will appeal in vain to the vanished race. E. A. B.

## TOMBSTONE OF A WATERFALL

### On a Rock in Sweden

Of all the world's memorials, from Pharaoh's pyramid to a pet dog's tombstone, the strangest is probably to be found in Sweden.

At the end of the eighteenth century Ragunda Lake in Central Norrland was famous for the Gedungen Falls. In order to reclaim some land for agriculture a fresh channel was cut in a ridge of rock on the lake's edge, and one terrifying night the waters burst through the dams, rushing through the cleft of the rock on their way to the sea and sweeping away everything in their path.

The lake was nearly emptied, and Gedungen Falls were dried up. The new falls have been roaring away instead and now they have been harnessed to a great electric power-station. But the old falls are not forgotten; a memorial tablet tells how they passed away suddenly in 1796.



## THE MUSIC PIRATE STEALING NOBLE MELODIES

Tuneful Gems Torn From Their  
Setting and Treated with Scorn

### A CASE FOR PUBLIC OPINION

Somebody has been calling attention to the piracy of noble music for use in jazz and music-hall songs.

One such song has for its tune the middle movement of Chopin's Fantaisie Impromptu. A second borrows from Handel's Hallelujah Chorus, then takes something from a famous song, then lifts a phrase from another ditty, and ends with another strain from Handel.

Every grown-up reader must be familiar with examples of the kind. One that comes back to memory is a theft, unaltered and unblushing, from one of the most beautiful movements in the opera Samson and Delilah, wedded to the words of a particularly unpleasant music-hall song.

### The Greatest Offenders

Then there is a tuneful gem wrenched from its setting to form the harmonic foundation for the performance of a stout Negro as he dances, tumbles, and grimaces. But probably the greatest offenders are the people responsible for furnishing melodies for jazz dance orchestras. To such people no musical composition is sacred.

Any masterpiece which is out of copyright is open to ghoulish hands. With the melody preserved, it may have its time altered to fit the steps of a dance; it may be adapted to the groaning saxophone, the blaring of muted trumpets, and the accompaniment and crash of drums and kettles, saucepan lids and cow-bells. Familiarity with the tune makes it acceptable to people whose soul does not revolt against such outrage.

### The Only Court of Appeal

It is shocking to hear Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries played in the cinema as an accompaniment to a wretched American film of cowboys spurring their horses across the Californian flats, but such gross offences occur on every hand. The law cannot interfere. Once copyright has expired the creation of genius is at the mercy of the most vulgar exploiter, whose absence of conscience is equalled only by his absence of taste.

There is, of course, a court of appeal, but its oracles seem dumb. That court is public opinion, but though opinion is every day offended and incensed, only on the rarest occasions does it find a voice to protest. The art of the music-hall, of musical comedy, and of the cinema is, with certain splendid exceptions, of a contemptible character, and any appeal to the majority of its organisers seems hopeless.

Still, public opinion can be marshalled, and if a few people of influence who feel deeply on the subject would undertake to lead it should manage to secure that our noble heritage of music shall be treated with propriety and respect.

## BURGOMASTER MAX AGAIN

### A Little Less Noise

Burgomaster Max has done it again.

During the war he withstood the demands of the Germans who occupied Brussels, and all the world admired his courage and tact, though many prophesied that he would certainly be shot.

But he conquered the conquerors, and now he has conquered again. This time the enemy was the noisy motorist.

Rattling lorries, raucous sirens, and motor-cycles with cut-outs may make the streets of London hideous, but Brussels has reformed. Burgomaster Max said there must be less noise, and there is less noise.

How we should like to borrow the Burgomaster!

vs

yodt w

## LITTLE AFRICANS AT SCHOOL

### Learning English

### WHAT THE SCHOOLGIRLS ASK THEIR TEACHER

A reader of the C.N. sends us a letter from Rhodesia which tells of the usefulness of the C.N. in the teaching of English to the natives who are being trained as teachers and will work among the Kaffir population.

There are passages in the letter which throw a bright and cheering light on this form of educative work in Africa, as, for instance, these word pictures.

"Work grows apace. I have seventeen girls to train as teachers this year instead of the eleven I had last year. Each girl gets a good deal of individual attention, so each means more time and work. They talk quite freely to me now (in English, of course) and they ask many questions about life in England that sometimes are embarrassing.

### Beer-Drinking Abandoned

"Beer-drinking is a great feature of native life. The custom is to brew a lot of native beer from Kaffir corn, collect a large party at one kraal, and spend days and nights in drunken rioting and other evil things. Anyone who joins in our work renounces beer-drinking.

"During a lesson on hygiene that introduced alcohol a girl stood up and said: Mistress, do English Christians drink beer? I had to confess that sometimes they do—and the girls looked puzzled, knowing of their own temptations and abstinence.

"During an evening service recently I took as my theme Beauty—on the text The Beauty of the Lord; and I tried to show the girls that Jesus was complete in beauty because He was holy, and because He was full of grace as well as sinlessness—the winsomeness of love that won men from lives of sin and shame into fellowship with their Father, God. And I closed by telling them that if they really wanted to be beautiful (as all girls do) they must seek to be as Jesus was, holy and full of grace.

### A Parable Applied

"The next day, happening to cross the dining-room at the school, I saw one girl looking very angry, and I asked what was the matter. She did not answer. But another girl replied: She is angry because she has been found stealing a mealie—and look at her face, how ugly it is. That is what you told us last night, Mistress.

"That is how these girls apply our talks to their daily life."

And it is well that in England more people should know on what a generous scale the kind of work pictured in this letter (not written for publication) is being carried on today in association with an education that begins with the teaching of English. *Picture on page 12*

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A pearl necklace . . . . .	£45,000
A diamond ring . . . . .	£14,200
A dinner service . . . . .	£4,577
Two Chippendale writing-desks . . . . .	£2,730
Portrait group by John Zoffany . . . . .	£2,450
Louis XVI cabinet . . . . .	£2,100
Picture by A. Cuyp . . . . .	£1,575
A Commonwealth cup . . . . .	£1,550
Reynolds portrait of Charles I . . . . .	£1,470
Portrait by Romney . . . . .	£1,102
Portrait by Frank Hals . . . . .	£800
A Brussels tapestry . . . . .	£682
14th-cent. stained-glass panel . . . . .	£168
Spanish leather screen . . . . .	£105
A George II teapot . . . . .	£46
Letter by Kipling . . . . .	£40

An autographed presentation copy of the first edition of Rupert Brooke's Poems, 1911, was sold for £90.

## PICTURES OF FOUR CENTURIES A Unique Record

From Messrs. Batsford we have received two excellent volumes which they have just added to their pictorial record of Life and Work of the People of England. Of its kind nothing better has ever been made available for the general public.

Each of these two volumes contains 150 pictures from contemporary manuscripts, engravings, and drawings from contemporary sources, each volume showing the life of a century from the pictures drawn by artists of the time.

The idea is being carried out by Dorothy Hartley, once art teacher at the Polytechnic, and Margaret Elliot, B.A., a well-known London teacher. We congratulate both on an excellent piece of work.

The four volumes now ready (4s. 6d. each) cover the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries. We are glad also to see that the four volumes are bound as two, making one of the handiest works on the life of four centuries that we have seen. They form an unequalled record of the life and ways of our people in those times. It is impossible to look through these informative volumes without learning a great deal more about the history of our country than we knew before.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address.

### What Is an A for tiori Argumen?

One with stronger reason or more conclusive.

### What Does Anadyomene Mean?

It is from the Greek, and means "rising out of the sea." It is one of the names given to Aphrodite on account of the legend that she rose out of the sea at birth.

### Why Does Heated Amber Lift a Piece of Paper?

The rubbing of amber produces electricity and this causes paper fragments to adhere to the amber. Why electricity results when amber and a few other substances are rubbed and does not result when other substances are rubbed is not known.

### Why Is the Nautical Dog Watch So Called?

This name, given to two short watches between four and eight in the evening, is, according to the Oxford Dictionary, a reference to a dog's light sleep.

### What Do the Letters £ s. d. Stand For?

They represent the Latin words librae, solidi, denarii, meaning pounds, shillings, pence. It has long been the practice to cross the capital L with one or two short horizontal lines, but who began this is not known. The s and d are generally given as small letters.

### What Is Meant by the Man in the Moon?

The appearance of a face on the surface of the Full Moon, the eyes, nose, and mouth being mountains and other markings. One legend says the man is Cain, and another that he is the man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath, as described in Numbers xv, 32-36.

### Which Canal Is the Longer, Panama or Suez?

The Panama Canal is fifty miles long, and the channel from 300 to 1000 feet wide at the bottom. Suez Canal is 100 miles long, with a minimum width of 147 feet 8 inches (45 metres).

### What Is the Chemical Symbol for Haemoglobin?

This red colouring matter of the blood is very complicated in composition, and is represented by the chemical symbol  $C_{758}H_{1203}N_{195}O_{218}FeS_3$ . Its molecular weight is calculated as 16,669.

### What Is the Origin of the Expression "Raining Cats and Dogs"?

In the Northern Mythology the cat was supposed to have great influence on the weather and the dog was a signal of wind. The cat symbolises the down-pouring rain and the dog the strong gusts of wind.

### What Are the Lowest and Highest Temperatures Recorded in Britain?

Lowest—23 degrees Fahr. or 55 degrees of frost, at Blackadder, Berwickshire, on December 4, 1879; highest, 100 degrees Fahr. at Greenwich Observatory on August 9, 1911, and at Salisbury on July 15, 1881.

## AMAZING SIGHT IN THE HEAVENS THE ORION NEBULA

One of the Greatest Marvels  
of Our Universe

### A MISTY GREEN LIGHT

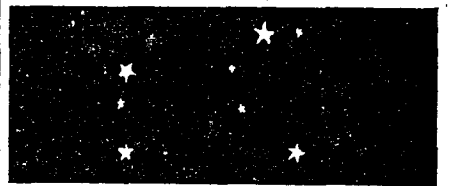
By the C.N. Astronomer

Next Tuesday, January 1, our world will be at its nearest to the Sun, and only 91,340,000 miles away.

It will be 3,100,000 miles nearer than it was in July last, so the Sun now appears about one-thirtieth wider than he did last summer, and, of course, the Earth as a whole is receiving more heat and light from him.

The dark, moonless nights of the next two weeks will permit us to obtain a glimpse of one of the greatest marvels of our Universe, the Great Nebula of Orion. It will be easily found with the aid of last week's star-map, for the nebula appears to surround the star Theta, the central star of the three forming what is popularly known as the sword scabbard of Orion.

If the night be very dark and clear, with no glare from artificial lights, a



The multiple star Theta in the centre of the Orion Nebula

pale misty light of a greenish hue will be perceived extending for a considerable distance round Theta, covering an irregularly-shaped area of the sky about twice the apparent size of the Moon.

What we see with the naked eye is, however, only the central nucleus of a nebula so vast that it seems to cover the greater part of the constellation of Orion, and in places to extend beyond it. Good field-glasses will reveal the nebula much more distinctly; telescopes of high power will extend it.

But it is by means of photography that the full glory of the Great Nebula of Orion is revealed, and it is found to extend beyond the confines of the entire constellation and also to envelop the Orion stars referred to last week.

The nebula is, therefore, at approximately the same distance from us as they are, its various parts being between 500 and 700 light-years distant, while the nebula's diameter is so vast that it would take a ray of light 200 years to cross it.

### A Beautiful Spectacle

The bright portion of the nebula, most of which is dimly perceptible to the naked eye, is roughly triangular, the whole being a tangled mass of vast streams of radiant nebulous matter bespangled with stars as with sparkling diamond dust. Some of these are between us and the nebula, others are beyond, but many are involved in and are part of this grand celestial spectacle.

This bright portion has a diameter about 630,000 times the Sun's distance from the Earth; a ray of light would take nearly ten years to cross it.

The most remarkable of the stars enveloped in the nebula is Theta. Actually eight suns enter into its composition, the four brightest, of between the sixth and eighth magnitude, composing the famous Trapezium, the other much fainter ones being arranged as shown in the star-map.

These are in the heart of the nebula and belong to the hottest type of sun known. They are enveloped in incandescent helium whose radiance appears to light up the vast swirling masses of cosmic matter composing the Great Nebula, which, in consequence, shines chiefly with helium light. G. F. M.



# HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of  
the Junior Cup

Told by  
Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 27 Opportunity

THIS was the first time young Hendry had ever been in Ripshank's study, the plum of all the studies in the School House, as Puggie had told him once; and directly he crossed the threshold he was struck by its size: as big as any master's room, he reflected.

So it was, being in that sweeping bay over the cloisters which had probably been designed at the start for a classroom, but proving unsuitable for some reason or other had been divided, like Caesar's Gaul, into three parts: one part for use as a dark room, being without a window, one with a fine corner window, and between the two this spacious apartment with its noble oriel window overlooking Old Quad.

And Ripshank did himself well in these lordly quarters. He was neither primly tidy nor carelessly untidy. He refused to plaster the walls with too many athletic groups, but he found room for a couple of really good engravings, with a large photograph of the Delphic Apollo in the place of honour over his mantelpiece.

When you dropped into any one of his three easy chairs the nape of your neck just rested in the right spot, your shoulder blades and the small of your back felt fitted like a glove, though you weren't so low that to wriggle out was a business. When you strolled across to browse at his bookshelves you were not confronted with the books you used daily in class, but you found yourself held in the friendliest fashion by such companionable works as the Oxford Book of Verse and Punting's Great White South and Thackeray's novels, with lots of Scott and Kipling; aye, and even Emerson's Essays, for Ripshank in his own way read a good deal, though his lazy manner hardly suggested it.

One day when his time came to possess a study he'd have a shot at collaring this one, by Jingo! Thus, undoubtedly, would have run young Hendry's reflections, as he stood and waited and wondered why he had been summoned, if it had not been for that unhappy frame of mind in which he had gone home for Christmas and come back again. With the weight of Major's treachery still round his neck what spirit had he to dream jolly dreams of the future, or build all those rosy castles he must else have builded?

At first his father had noticed the subdued spirits which he had brought back with him. This had meant another hard job; to conceal his low spirits from his father. A horrid job, this! Pretending that he was flourishing.

But necessary, because it was all of a piece.

"Besides," he reflected, "would it be fair to shift the trouble on to my father? He has got enough cares without that. He can't want his own brother's only son to be expelled. My father would hate to have any hand in ruining his nephew, just as I hate ruining the brute."

So young Hendry made up his mind and stuck to it. His decision may have been right, and it may have been wrong (let those judge who are capable—thankful that they have never been in a similar fix), but, be that as it may, it was honestly taken.

Because he was so eager to get the thing done with, to get his bitter dose down, young Hendry had dashed, one might almost say, back to the school confident, full of hope, prepared for relief. "This time tomorrow," he had been whispering to himself in the train; and that tomorrow had come and had brought the person he longed to

see, and—brought, in addition, the same old heart-breaking story.

"The governor wouldn't give me a brass bean at Christmas!" Oh, how could Major lend such a flippant tang to it!

"He was ratty with me for having written home for some, and when I wouldn't tell him straight why I'd wanted it he said: 'All right! Then you can whistle for your Christmas-box.' And he wouldn't let the mater give me one either. It's no go, Hendry. It's no go—just for the moment."

Oh, how could Major treat it so coolly and calmly!

Very nearly young Hendry had uttered a desperate cry. He had gone white to the lips, and his eyes had such pain in them that even his cousin's callousness suffered a shock. "I say! I say! Don't take it to heart so, Hendry! It will all come right. I promise you I'll put everything right."

"I think you're vile," was all that young Hendry had uttered.

So here he was now, summoned to Ripshank's study, wondering desperately what Ripshank could want with him and with his heart in his mouth lest Ripshank should charge him with cheating.

For it had flashed on young Hendry even while he was mounting the stairs that something must have come out about the run!

And when he found St. Pierre and Anning with Ripshank, the very two who had been stationed at the winning-post as judges, his misgivings grew stronger. And when after Ripshank's first curt "Yes, come in! I want you," not one of the three spoke, but all three began to inspect him with a solemn, measuring gaze, he fidgeted and grew more uncomfortable still; at last he fixed a stolid stare on the Delphic Apollo and waited for the worst to happen.

"What's the matter with you?" he heard from Ripshank.

He snatched his gaze from Apollo and muttered "Nothing."

"You don't look very bright. Are you feeling all right?"

"Yes, quite all right," he answered, dropping his eyes.

"He's guessed what we want him for," said Anning, and laughed.

"Yes. He doesn't fancy the prospect," St. Pierre added lightly. "Wants to gorge himself all the term, I expect."

Young Hendry's fears were ebbing. This didn't sound formidable. It was odd, then, that the next words should turn his cheeks paler and cause him to catch his breath in quick apprehension.

Yet all that Ripshank had said was, "Ever try yourself at running two-fifty yards, Hendry?"

## CHAPTER 28

### "For Some Unearthly Reason"

YOUNG Hendry shook his head. "No, I haven't," he answered. "At least," he corrected, "not since I came to Eastborough."

"So I suppose," said Ripshank in dry rebuke, "considering that you've not had a chance since you came. But out with it, man! Did you run the two-fifty at your Prep school?"

"Yes," admitted young Hendry. "Speak up! Did you win it?"

"Yes," owned young Hendry again in a flat sort of voice.

"In what sort of time? Decent time?"

"I forget," breathed Hendry.

They stared at him. How irresponsible he seemed! Couldn't this little image, they wondered, see what they were driving at? Anning put their perplexity into words when he jumped up and said gruffly, "Don't be so stodgy, Hendry. Have you ever heard at all of the Public School Sports?"

"Yes," said Hendry.

"They're run in the spring at Stamford Bridge."

"Yes," said Hendry again. "And you know they've some junior events?"

"Yes," said Hendry.

This brought St. Pierre from the window-seat with a bound. "I never knew such a listless young scut!" he exclaimed, seizing Hendry, and giving him a good shaking. "There! That's to put some life into you!" he explained. "Now, get a move on! And stop Yessing."

"Yes," uttered Hendry, and smiled in spite of himself at the loud laugh which burst from Ripshank and Anning together. But at once his face grew grave again. He stood silent.

"We'll make it plain." It was Ripshank who took up the tale. "The Public School Sports will come along in the spring, Hendry, and the programme will include a two-hundred-and-fifty yards race for boys of not less than fourteen and not more than sixteen. I forget myself the time it was won in last year, but I happen to remember that the year before last it was won in twenty-eight and a fifth seconds. Now the question is, Hendry—don't stare at that picture: look at me—the question is, Hendry, whether under normal conditions you're equal to running that distance in twenty-eight seconds?"

"And," put in Winging Ann before Hendry could answer, "to judge by the manner you sprinted off in our Junior Run, and by the way you kept that sprint up along the towpath, I should say that if you can't run the two-fifty in twenty-eight seconds you ought to put your head in a bag and be shot."

"With training," Ripshank accorded. "With training, of course."

Then St. Pierre must needs bring his opinion to bear. "To my mind, Hendry," he said, "you've got nothing to do except to stuff a bit less—"

"I don't stuff," breathed Hendry.

"Except," St. Pierre went on suavely, "to stuff a bit less, and smoke less—"

"Oh, don't rag him!" Ripshank threw in.

"Very well, we'll leave out the smoking. I am credibly informed that you don't smoke yet, Hendry. All you've got to do is to put in a bit of mild practice until we come nearer the date, and then go for it baldheaded. And if you do that you may win that race, young man, for Eastborough." And having thus delivered himself of an eagerness only very thinly disguised by his half-mocking manner, St. Pierre closed his lips with a snap, regained the window-seat, and looked very pleased.

Winging Ann was looking pleased too. So was Ripshank. The only one who looked unhappy was Hendry.

## The New Thing We Can All Do

A picture is the quickest  
way to the brain

I See All is the quickest  
way to a picture

It is now possible to turn up

A Picture of  
a Thing

A Portrait of  
a Man

A View of  
a Place

as easily as a word in  
the dictionary

See Arthur Mee's  
New Fortnightly

I SEE ALL

Selling Everywhere Now

When they could no longer miss his startled expression they attributed it to very natural astonishment. They attributed his confusion to the same cause.

"You know," began Ripshank, wanting to reassure him, "Anning was only joking when he talked about heads in bags. Nobody's going to blame you if you don't win. Why, for all I know yet, you may prove a dud at the distance, although you say you did win it at your Prep school; you see, you may not have had much to beat at your Prepper."

"I don't think I had," said Hendry under his breath.

"Just so," smiled Ripshank, "just so. On the other hand, Hendry, you've done twelve months growing since then, or very soon will have; and twelve months makes a world of difference, you know. But don't stand there and quake under the impression that we're counting upon you to win. Don't feel anxious. We're only suggesting that you shall have a good shot at it."

Unusual for Ripshank to explain at such length to a youngster. But how unusual for any youngster offered such a chance to draw away from it palpably; to stand stuck and stark and unhappy as this one was standing; until at last he uttered in a protesting tone, "Please there's Randall."

"Puggie Randall!" echoed Ripshank, smiling again. "No, Randall hasn't pace enough for the two-fifty."

"There's Keegan," breathed Hendry.

"Don't argue," grunted Winging Ann with a stare.

But Hendry persisted. "There's Planchu. And Elliott," he said doggedly.

"Oh, they'll all get their chance to try themselves out against you, so you needn't worry yourself on their score," laughed Ripshank.

"Nor affect such a fat lot of modesty," counselled St. Pierre.

They marked Hendry flinch and wince at this charge of mock modesty. They saw his face go paler than ever, but could not read the expression which went with the pallor. It was not affectation; as Ripshank detected at once. Nor startled astonishment; as all three could tell now. It appeared much more to resemble a look of dumb suffering.

"But what on earth had he to suffer about?"

Ripshank had almost spoken this thought aloud, but he kept it back and said quietly, "That's all right, then. You can cut along now."

Young Hendry stood fast.

Ripshank pointed to the door. "Cut along!" he repeated. "That's settled, Hendry. Good luck to you."

"And mind! No stodging," appended St. Pierre. "There's a decent silver medal that goes to the winner. You think of that, friend Hendry. You think of that."

With this they expected him to take himself off; but instead young Hendry remained where he was, his features working like those of one in distress.

So Ripshank felt annoyed and addressed him more sharply. "No humbug, Hendry," he rapped. "For some unearthly reason you seem to be jibbing at the chance! But let me tell you," he went on with stiffness, "we are not thinking of you, we are thinking of the school. You may as well know that by pulling off a win you would be doing our athletics a bit of good generally; and you might, I'm not sure, make all the difference in deciding the championship. Your win might put us on top." Ripshank's tone softened. "See?" he concluded. "Rather jolly for you."

"So now you've got it pat," Winging Ann added.

But still Hendry did not move. He stood looking at the three with that same inscrutable expression which they had noticed from the first. And then:

"I can't enter for it," he said, with a break in his voice.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### Stop Thief!

AUNT LOO was looking puzzled. "I can't understand it," she said, "but I will give half a crown to either of you children who can unravel the mystery of what becomes of the eggs."

Hal and Dot looked at each other. Half a crown was worth winning.

They had come down to stay with Aunt Loo, and had been awakened in the early morning by the loud cackling of a hen announcing the laying of an egg, yet, as Aunt Loo had explained, morning after morning no egg was there.

"We must go and see at once," said Dot; and the next day, at the first sound from the henhouse, she jumped out of bed, slipped into a dressing-gown, and sped down the long garden path in her slippers.

Sure enough, there in one of the nests lay a warm, new-laid egg. Carefully she carried it to Aunt Loo. "There!" she said in triumph.

"You might have waited for me," grumbled Hal.

"But you were so long waking up," Dot protested. "You can collect the midday eggs; there are generally two or three."

But it was the morning egg he wanted to catch. So he was up as soon as she was the following day, and, racing ahead, he got the egg.

"If you children are getting an egg a morning they must have been there before," declared Aunt Loo.

But on the third morning two very sleepy children said to each other, "I say, have you been for the egg?"

When they got there no egg was to be found!

Dot was not to be caught napping again; but this time she waited to shake Hal awake.

"Hurry up," she said, as he wriggled into his dressing-gown.

But just that little delay gave them their chance. As they were scurrying along the garden path Dot suddenly clutched Hal's arm.

"Look," she said, "the thief!" Speeding across the cabbages, obviously making for the henhouse, went a huge rat.

The children arrived in time to see him skilfully trundling the egg across the hen-run to where the ground dropped a little, and the wire did not meet it. He pushed the egg before him, crept under the wire, then egg and rat disappeared into a patch of rough grass.

"We've found the thief, Aunt Loo!" exclaimed two breathless children at her bedside; and they told her what they had just seen.

A hunt among the patch into which the rat had disappeared brought many broken eggshells to light.

When Aunt Loo told her neighbour the whole story, he said, "You leave the rat to me; I'll settle him." The report of a gun early next morning showed that he had done so.





## THE BRAN TUB

### An Acrostic

1. A compound of metals.
  2. The goddess of youth.
  3. An island continent.
  4. Seen at every railway station.
  5. A sixteenth of two gallons.
  6. A brute in human form, in Gulliver's Travels.
  7. Though Latin, this is new.
  8. An elongated fish.
  9. The ivy clings to this.
- The initials and finals make a topical greeting.

Answer next week

### Je On Parle Français



La plume Le rossignol L'édredon  
Je me sers d'une plume pour écrire.  
Les rossignols chantent fort bien.  
Mon lit est recouvert d'un édredon.

### How Julianne Soup Got Its Name

JULIANNE soup is one of the most familiar of clear soups, in which are served various herbs or vegetables, especially carrots, cut in very small strips. It is named after a caterer in Boston, America.

### An Enigma

SINCE time began my age I date,  
Yet still retain my youthful state;  
And if I live till all things moulder  
I never shall be one day older.  
I'm that which none can ever see,  
Or what now is shall never be;  
I always rise with every morn,  
And yet must die before I'm born.  
Parties I ask to dine with me,  
But with them I can never be;  
As long as time remains the same,  
So long shall I retain my name.  
And though my life is but a span,  
Yet time must die before I can;  
To find me out this clue I'll give:  
If time were dead, I could not live.

Answer next week

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE gray and white wagtails are seen. The nuthatch is heard chattering. The wren has begun to sing again. The mistle thrush is heard singing. The slug appears. The bear-foot and polyanthus are in blossom.

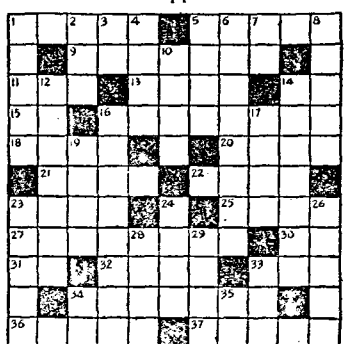
### A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which written one under the other will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters. Vocal music. Egg-shaped. A designation. A valley.

Answer next week

### Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 44 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.

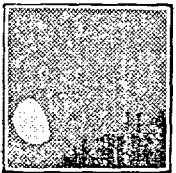


Reading Across. 1. An era. 5. Old term for a girl. 9. A big cat. 11. Termination. 13. Arouse. 14. Saint (abbrev.). 15. Royal Engineers (abbrev.). 16. Furthest. 18. To shriek. 20. A Mohammedan priest. 21. Fruit of a palm. 22. To mix. 23. A ball of thread. 25. Goes astray. 27. Second copies. 30. Printer's measure. 31. You and me. 32. Preposition. 33. Poem. 34. A helper. 36. A prickly tree. 37. To cut.

Reading Down. 1. Each and all. 2. Ancient. 3. Children's Encyclopedia (abbrev.). 4. A cry. 5. American monkey. 6. Hermits. 7. The same (abbrev.). 8. A Red Indian figure. 10. The top of the head. 12. Instruments used for sewing. 14. Studied with stars. 16. More remote. 17. Ruler of Afghanistan. 19. Praise. 23. The outer covering. 24. Newts. 26. A blot. 28. Forthwith. 29. Dwarfs. 33. A mineral. 34. An exclamation. 35. Interjection of surprise.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Uranus are in the South-West, Jupiter is in the South, and Mars is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 11 p.m. on January 1.



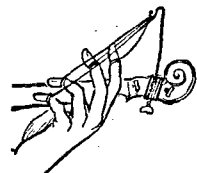
### Is Your Name Lockyer?

THIS name is really the same as Locksmith, and is one of those surnames that indicate the trade of the ancestor of those people who bear it now.

### Things Just Patented.

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

**Exercise for Violinists.** This simple little device enables students of the violin to exercise and strengthen their fingers. A wire is clamped in an upright position on the head of the violin, and to the top of the wire four elastic strings are fastened, on the ends of which are finger-rings. Thus the fingers of the violinist are exercised as he plays by pulling against the tension of the elastic.

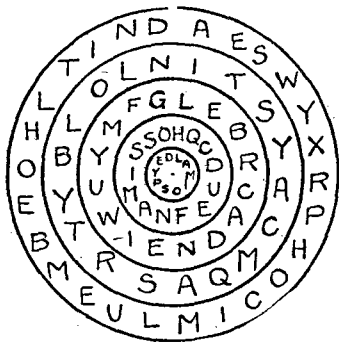


**A Double Flying-Boat.** Here is a new form of large seaplane which is a development of the flying-boat.



As the picture shows, it has two hulls instead of one. This gives the machine more stability on the water, so that floats on the wings are not required.

### Circular Tours



IN each of the circles strike out alternate letters so that the letters that are left make the name of a flower in each case. You may go round either way. The difficulty lies in knowing at which letter to start.

Answer next week

### An Alphabet of History

EACH of these couplets refers to a historical character whose name begins with the letter in large type. The answers will appear next week. Last week's characters were Penn, Quesnay, Raleigh, Savonarola, Tolstoi.

**U** Pope who at Clermont won a mighty band,  
To wrest Jerusalem from Turkish hand.

**V** The Gallic chief against whom Caesar fought,  
And back to Rome to grace his triumph brought.

**W** Bohemian general in a war long-waged,  
For treason he was killed by men enraged.

**X** Athenian general, who has told the feat  
Of how ten thousand Greeks did once retreat.

**Y** Since of a glorious race he bore the name,  
That they should bow to Turks he counted shame.

**Z** This Eastern Emperor gave his consent,  
When into Italy Theodoric went.

## Jacko Has a Nature Lesson

JACKO made himself such a nuisance one day that his father threatened to send him away to a boarding-school. And off he would have gone there and then if his mother hadn't interceded for him.

"Let the boy have another chance," she said. "He isn't quite himself after that bad cold he had last week."

There was something in what Mrs. Jacko said. As a matter of fact, Jacko was bored. He wasn't allowed out on cold days; football was strictly forbidden; and, as he said, what was a fellow to do?

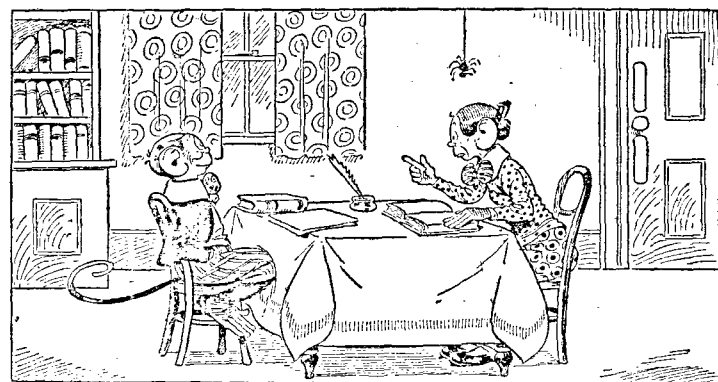
Of course he got into mischief.

"I must find something to occupy his mind," said Mrs. Jacko. "I know! I'll get hold of Miss Prim. I've no doubt she would be glad to come round for an hour every morning and give Jacko some lessons."

If Miss Prim was glad Jacko certainly was not. It was as much as he could do to be civil when Miss Prim suddenly appeared one morning, looking fearfully starched and carrying a big pile of books.

"Sit down and don't wriggle," she told Jacko; and that put his back up right away.

"I shall wriggle if I want to," he muttered. "And I shouldn't wonder if Miss Prim doesn't wriggle a bit, too, before long."



"You aren't listening," said Miss Prim

Fortunately Miss Prim didn't hear his threat. She opened a big book and thumped the table with a ruler.

"We will begin with a lesson on Insect Life," she said. "I've no doubt you are woefully ignorant on such subjects."

"Not so ignorant as you think, Ma'am," said Jacko with a grin, remembering the big furry caterpillar he had put down Chimp's neck one day in the summer. However, Miss Prim took no notice of his remark.

"We will start with the Ant," she said. "And a very busy little person he is. Now suppose we read about him together."

Mrs. Jacko was delighted when she popped her head round the door and saw what was going on.

"Peace at last!" she murmured with a sigh of relief.

But Mrs. Jacko was too optimistic. There was trouble ahead.

The trouble took the form of a huge spider which, to Jacko's great delight, suddenly came down from the ceiling on a long thread and swung to and fro just over Miss Prim's head. He watched it with a broad grin, and didn't pay the slightest attention to what Miss Prim was saying.

"You aren't listening," she said suddenly, rapping him smartly over the knuckles. "I have asked you three times to describe a spider to me."

"That's quite easy, Ma'am," said Jacko, reaching up a hand. The next moment the spider had dropped on Miss Prim's nose!

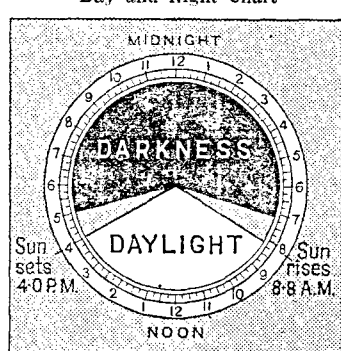
If there was anything on Earth Miss Prim detested it was spiders. She shrieked and rushed straight out of the house!

### Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns. The five weeks up to December 1, 1928, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1928	BIRTHS 1927	DEATHS 1928	DEATHS 1927
London	7088	6875	4661	4774
Glasgow	2146	2129	1403	1647
Manchester	1231	1241	886	934
Dublin	943	978	590	575
Sheffield	836	768	489	525
Belfast	791	789	571	508
Edinburgh	695	685	571	537
Bristol	611	568	388	427
Plymouth	374	368	223	227
Swansea	254	292	167	158
Norwich	211	181	118	114
Canterbury	35	37	26	22

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

## Dr. MERRYMAN

### The Return Journey

THE new arrival at the hotel sought out the manager.

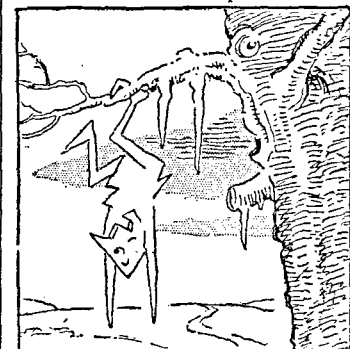
"I understood from your advertisement that only the South wind blows here."

"That is quite right, sir," said the manager.

"Then how do you account for that?" asked the visitor, as he pointed to a weather-vane which registered a North wind.

"Oh, quite easily," replied the manager. "That's the South wind coming back again."

### Jack Frost Keeps Fit



JACK FROST does exercises on a branch that's growing high. And when you look you think it is an icicle you spy!

### A Relic of the Past

THE Professor was showing a party round a district noted for its geological interest.

"Yes," he said, "about two million years ago this land on which we stand was the bed of an ocean."

"And I'm not surprised to hear that," said a dear old lady. "It strikes me that the land is still very damp."

### A Surprise in Store

SEATED on a bench in a park, a small boy was seen to be helping himself to the meat from a sandwich and leaving the bread. When he finally lifted the top slice to find there was no meat left disappointment crept across his face.

A stranger who had been an interested spectator asked him why he did not eat the sandwich properly.

"It isn't mine," replied the boy.

### Brothers

THE Sunday School teacher had been talking to the children about various virtues.

"Now, supposing I saw a boy ill-treating a donkey," he said, "and I stopped him; what virtue should I show?"

"Brotherly love," replied a young innocent.

### What Might Have Been

WEPT a Panther, "I call it a shame That I wasn't born tiny and tame, As some old lady's cat. I'd then doze on a mat, And be fed with titbits—what a game!"

### Walk and Keep Fit

"IT says here that a substitute for petrol has been discovered," said Arthur as he read his paper.

"Is that so?" queried his father. "Why, I know of one that is older than the motor-car itself."

"Really, Father? And what is that?"

"Shoe leather, my boy."

### For the Waiting-Room

TWO old friends were discussing the careers of their sons.

"My boy," said one, "will be a dentist, I'm sure."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, he has started saving old magazines already."

**ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.**  
A Riddle in Rhyme. A Word Square.  
Christmas. H A R D  
Changeling. A R E A  
Dock, sock, soak, R E S T  
soar, boar, boat. D A T E

The Christmas Party  
Sixty-six children were originally invited to the party.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 29, 1928 Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

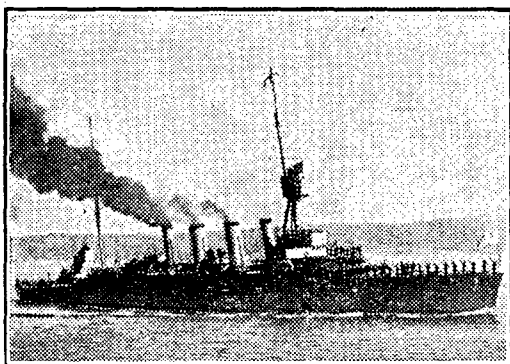
## THE POST SLEIGH · SEEING HOW THEY RUN · CHESS IN SCHOOL



Skating in London—Opportunities for winter sports in England are all too rare, and when a pond at Wimbledon was frozen these happy young folk made the most of the occasion.



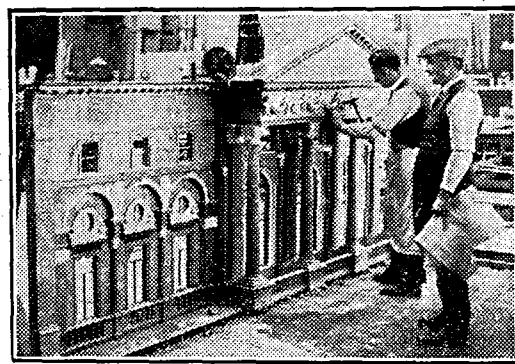
The Post Sleigh—Wintry conditions have been experienced in many parts of Europe, and at Immenstadt in Germany the mails were carried by sleigh because of the heavy snowfalls.



Warship for \$25—The Australian cruiser Melbourne, which played its part in the Great War, has been sold for \$25, and is to be broken up in Britain.



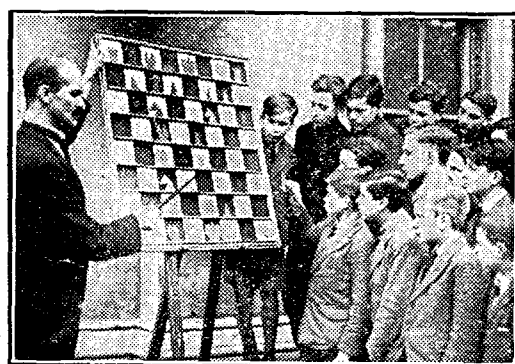
Trotting in the Snow—In Sweden, where winter is far more severe than in Britain, many sports are carried on which we should probably abandon after a snowfall. Here we see a trotting enthusiast off for a drive.



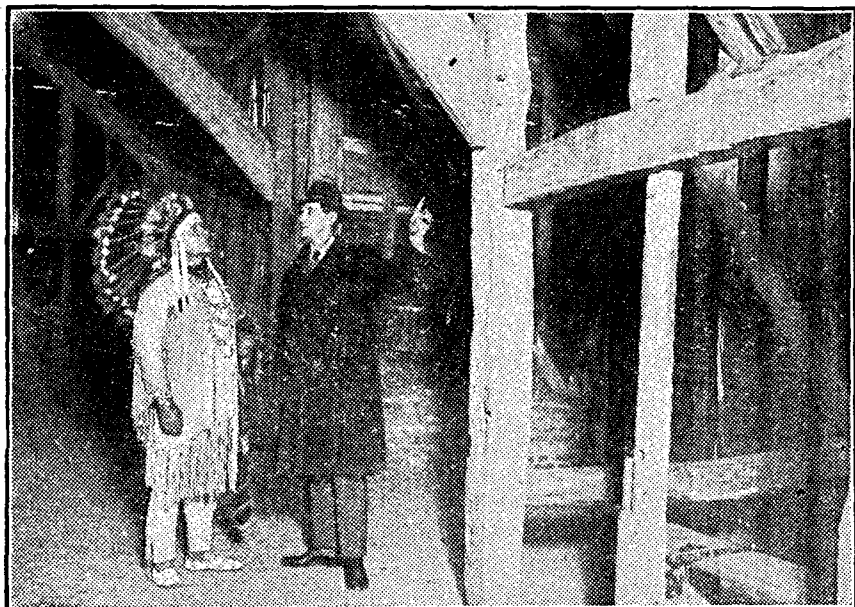
The Land of Make-Believe—This model, which is being made in the great film studios at Elstree, will appear in a picture-play as a palatial building.



Seeing How They Run—London's great new Underground station at Piccadilly Circus, which cost £500,000, has just been opened. Passengers are here seen studying the automatic train indicators.



Chess in School—The chess lesson must be a very popular one at Wednesbury High School, where twice a week scholars receive instruction in the game on a special board, as seen in this picture.



Indian Chief at Jordans—The home of William Penn, Jordans at Chalfont, is a place pilgrimage for many American visitors. Here we see a friend pointing out to the Red Indian chief Os-ke-non-ton beams in the barn made from the Pilgrim ship Mayflower.



Members of the C.N. Family—Probably no paper finds its way into more corners of the Earth than does the C.N., which includes among its readers people of many colours, castes, and creeds. Here we see three of our good friends in far-away Rhodesia. See page 9.

## THE STRANGE MAN CALLED JOHN NEWTON—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper for transmission by Canadian Post. Subscription Rates: Inland and Abroad, 11s. a year; 5s. 6d. for six months. It can also be obtained (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.